J. B. Smith 436 Warren

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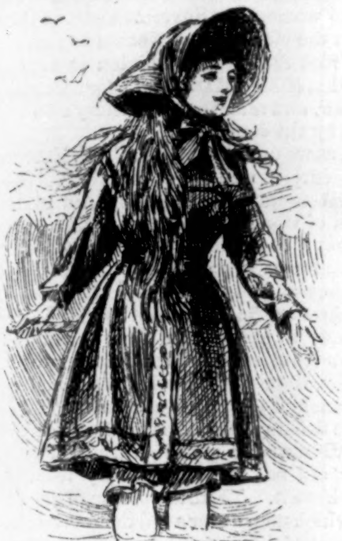
FARMER STEBBINS AT OCEAN GROVE.

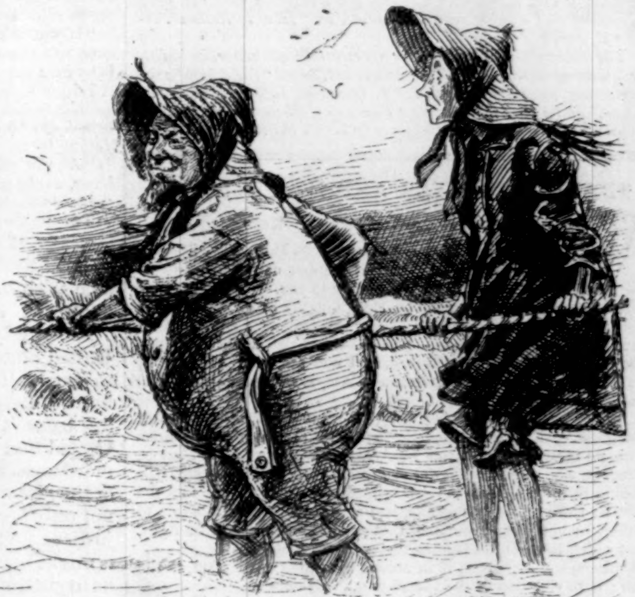
By WILL CARLETON.

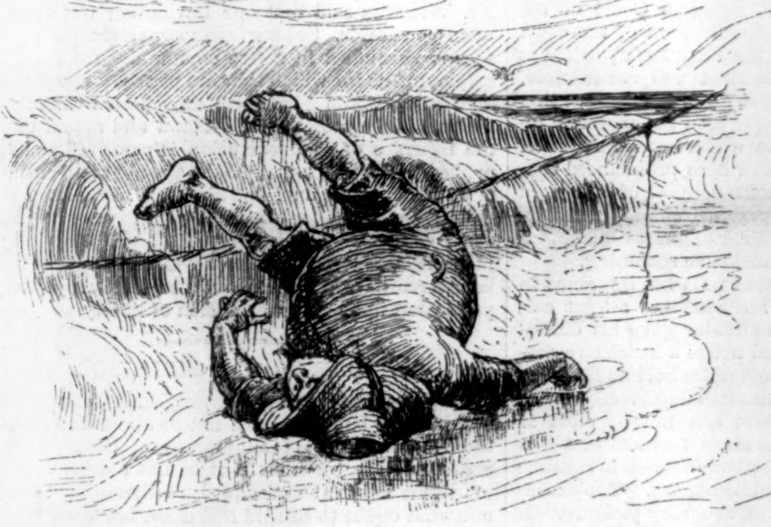


Dear Brother John:—
We got here safe—my worthy wife an' me—
An' pitched our tents within a grove contig'us to the sea;
We've harvested such means of grace as growed within our reach;
We've 'tended all the mornin' talks, we've heard the Bishop preach;
An' everything went pleasantly, until we had a whim—
My wife and I—one breezy day, to take an ocean swim.

We wouldn't ha' vent'red on't, I think, if Sister Sunnyhopes
Hadn't urged us over an' ag'in, an' said she knew the ropes,
An' told how safe an' sweet it was "in ocean rills to lave,"
An' "sport within the foaming surf," an' "ride the crested wave";
An' so we went along with her—my timid wife an' me—
Two inland noodles, for our first acquaintance with the sea.

They put me in a work-day rig, as us'ally is done—
A wampus an' short overhauls all sewed up into one.
I had to pull an' fuss an' jerk to make the things go 'round
(You are aware my peaceful weight will crowd three hundred pound).
They took my wig an' laid it up—to keep it safe, they said—
An' strapped a straw-stack of a hat on my devoted head.

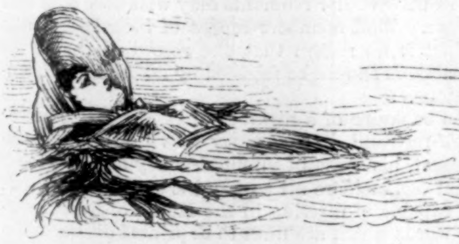


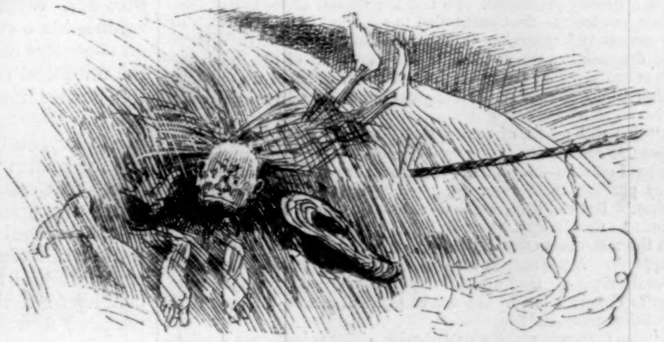


They put my wife into a dress too short by full a third—
'Twas some'at in the "Bloomer" style, an' looked a bit absurd.
You know she's rather tall an' slim—somewhat my opposite—
An' clothes that are not cut for her are likely not to fit;
But as we was we vent'red in—my faithful wife an' me—
An' formed our first acquaintance with the inconsistent sea.

Miss Sunnyhopes she went ahead, a-lookin' trim an' sweet;
She'd had *her* bathin' suit all fixed an' trimmed from head to feet;
An' I went out an' grabbed the rope, just as she told me to;
An' wife come next, a-lookin' scared, scarce knowin' what to do.
But Sister Sunnyhopes to me a smile o' sweetness gave,
An' said, "Now watch your chance, an' jump—here comes a *lovely* wave!"

I must ha' jumped, I ruther think, the wrong time o' the moon;
At any rate, the lovely wave occurred to me too soon.
It took me solid, with a rude an' unexpected shock;
It beat the stoutest pair o' horns there is in all my flock.



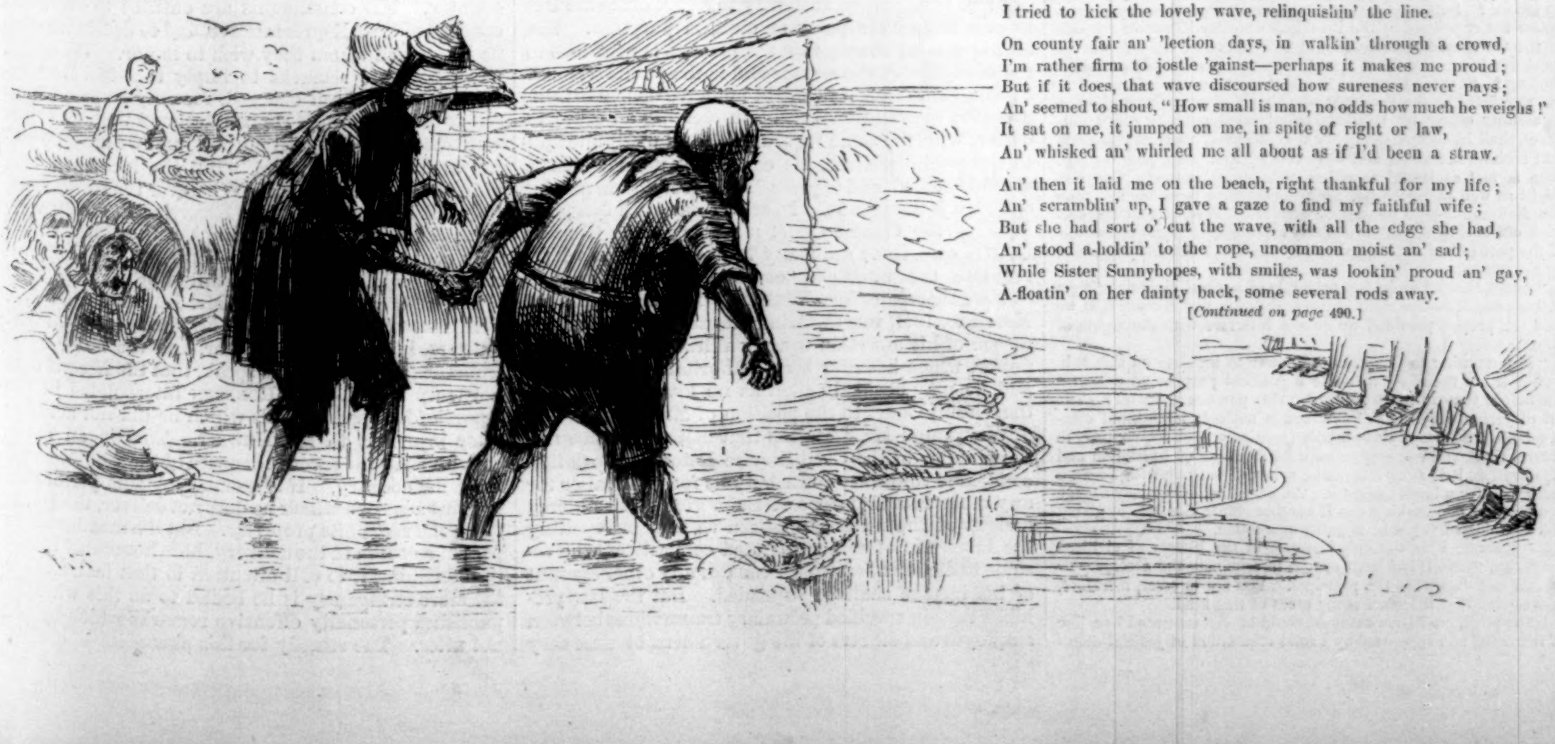


An' then, to top the circus out, an' make the act more fine,
I tried to kick the lovely wave, relinquishin' the line.

On county fair an' 'lection days, in walkin' through a crowd,
I'm rather firm to jostle 'gainst—perhaps it makes me proud;
But if it does, that wave discoursed how sureness never pays;
An' seemed to shout, "How small is man, no odds how much he weighs!"
It sat on me, it jumped on me, in spite of right or law,
An' whisked an' whirled me all about as if I'd been a straw.

An' then it laid me on the beach, right thankful for my life;
An' scramblin' up, I gave a gaze to find my faithful wife;
But she had sort o' cut the wave, with all the edge she had,
An' stood a-holdin' to the rope, uncommon moist an' sad;
While Sister Sunnyhopes, with smiles, was lookin' proud an' gay,
A-floatin' on her dainty back, some several rods away.

[*Continued on page 490.*]



HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1882.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 144, published August 1, contains Chapter XVIII. of "Mr. Stubbs's Brother," illustrated; Part II. of "Up the Creek," by W. O. STODDARD, *illustrated; a short story, entitled "A Night on Chocorua"; and an amusing sketch by* MATTHEW WHITE, JUN., *entitled "Max Kander's Wild Tiger."*

There is an interesting article on ornithology by ARTHUR LINDSLEY, *entitled "Millie's Nile-bird Hat," and a historical sketch by* C. W. FISHER, *entitled "The First Grenadier of France."* DR. H. C. VAN GIESEN *gives the boys who are fond of boating and bathing some wise advice on "How to Restore Persons Apparently Drowned."*

The illustrations of this number are especially attractive, including an amusing sketch by MR. THOMAS NAST, *called "Me's Sick"; an engraving drawn by* MRS. T. W. DEWING, *called "The Daisy Trail," and a page of "Japanese Fan Tales," the drawings by* MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD, *and the rhymes by* KIRK MUNROE.

"DANIEL WEBSTER AND MR. FREEMAN."

WE have received the following letter:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., *July* 18, 1882.

"Under the above caption the last number of your paper contains a criticism of my recent open letter to you. My position has also been assailed from other quarters, notably by a United States Senator, who charges me with having ostentatiously spit upon the law, etc. This is not true. I have neither defied nor spit upon the law. I have simply affirmed, as I now affirm, that the act of 1876, known as the Anti-assessment Act, is unconstitutional and void.

"Now I need not remind you that an unconstitutional act of Congress, or of any other legislative body, is not the law, and therefore no obligation, moral or legal, rests upon any one to obey it. True, he who disregards it does so at his peril; that is to say, if it should turn out that he is mistaken, and that the act is in fact the law, he suffers for his mistake, just as any other man is liable to suffer for his mistake in doing that which he believes to be right, but which it turns out is nevertheless a violation of law.

"An act of Congress, if in accord with the Constitution, is the law; if in violation of the Constitution, it is nothing.

"We sometimes speak of an 'unconstitutional law.' This is a solecism. There is no such thing as an *unconstitutional* law. An act, to be law at all, must be constitutional. Now as to the act in question a very brief statement will, I think, demonstrate its invalidity. Let it be borne in mind that this act prohibits an officer not appointed by the President from giving to another officer anything in value for *political purposes.* I am not now attacking that provision of the act that prohibits one officer from *soliciting* from another; for while not admitting the constitutionality of even that provision, much more can be said in its favor than of the proposition I am discussing. Very many people make the mistake of supposing that Congress can regulate the unofficial, every-day life of the citizen, just as State Legislatures may do. Of course I do not include *you* in that number.

"You will readily understand the proposition when I say that the difference between the power of Congress and that of State Legislatures is simply this, that while the latter can pass any act not prohibited by the organic law—*i. e.*, the Constitution—the former can pass no law neither expressly nor by necessary implication warranted by the Constitution. To test the validity of an act of the Legislature, you look to the Constitution to see whether or not it is expressly prohibited. To test the validity of an act of Congress, you look to the Constitution to see whether it is expressly or by necessary implication authorized. Now look to Art. VIII. of the Constitution, which contains the sum total of the legislative grant conferred on Congress, and tell me by which of the eighteen subdivisions of that article Congress is authorized to legislate on this subject.

"You will admit, of course, that there are some things which Congress *can not* do. Congress can regulate the official conduct of Federal officers—may require them to make periodical settlements, may prohibit them from using public money for 'political purposes.' But can it dictate to them how they shall use their private funds? Can it say to them that they shall not spend their money on the race-course nor in the beer shop? But these are *immoral* purposes. A political purpose is neither an unlawful nor an immoral purpose. How did the very men who passed this measure get to Congress but by the use of political means, the pursuit of 'political purposes'?

"Can Congress make a contribution, either *voluntary* or *involuntary*, to a perfectly lawful purpose, a misdemeanor on the part of an official? Suppose that Congress should enact that any Federal officer not appointed by the President who should violate any one of the ten commandments, should be dismissed from office, or be fined five hundred dollars, would any one regard such an act as binding? Suppose Congress should enact that any Federal officer not appointed by the President who should give anything of value to another officer for religious, moral, intellectual, or social purposes, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, does any one doubt that such an act would be totally void? And yet a *political* purpose is just as lawful as either of those mentioned. Congress might as well prescribe that no Federal officer receiving less than one thousand dollars per annum should eat beef, or that no executive officer should commit adultery with another officer unless one of the parties had been appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate.

"Again, this act violates a principle of *natural right* older than any organic law—the right to use our own in any manner that we may see proper, provided we do not interfere with the rights of others.

"But granting to Congress the power to legislate on this subject, is it not necessary to make a *political* purpose an unlawful one before you can make *giving* for that purpose unlawful? The act of *giving*, taken in the abstract, is not only lawful, but commendable. So also of this purpose (political); and yet, contrary to natural right, and contrary to an unbroken line of legislation and adjudication, it is sought to make a lawful act unlawful because performed for a lawful *purpose.* An executive officer may engage in a political undertaking, but if another officer aids him by giving him anything of value, he is guilty of a crime.

"I presume it is the only instance in the history of civilized legislation where it has been sought to criminate the accessory or abettor and exonerate the principal. You are in error, therefore, in asserting that there are many cases of this kind.

"The positions I have assumed could be demonstrated by a line of reasoning and supported by a solid foundation of judicial determination that would place them beyond question, but I deem it unnecessary to trespass upon your space for that purpose.

"Your effort to antagonize my position by that of Mr. WEBSTER is met by the simple statement that the cases bear no sort of relation to each other. Mr. WEBSTER's letter to Mr. EWING was to the effect that the President regarded it as a great abuse to 'bring the patronage of the general government into conflict with the freedom of election,' and that he would regard the attempt to exercise such influence, 'or the payment of any contribution, or assessment on salaries or official compensation, for party or election purposes, as a cause for removal.' Who ever questioned the right of the President to do this? The President may remove officers for making contributions or for refusing to do so, if he sees proper. In like manner heads of departments may remove officers for making contributions or for refusing to do so. The question as to whether the President or executive officers should allow their subordinates to make contributions—or pay assessments, if you like better—is one that I purposely omitted to discuss in my letter. What I then affirmed, and what I now reiterate, is that the act of making a contribution for political purposes is *personal*, not *official*, and as such Congress can have nothing to do with it. It belongs to the executive and not the legislative branch of the government to prescribe rules and regulations for the unofficial conduct of officers.

"If you ask me whether or not I think it morally right for a campaign committee to make a percentage assessment, and enforce it by even the shadow of a threat, I answer, 'No.' If you ask me if I think it right for an office-holder to pay whatever he may reasonably feel able for the promotion of political principles which he believes to be right, I answer that it is not only his *right*, but his *duty* to do so.

"As you suggest a doubt as to the genuineness of my former letter, on the ground that it was not seen by you except in print, I send this direct, hoping, as you have assailed my position, that you will do me the justice of publishing my reply.

"Very respectfully, A. A. FREEMAN."

Mr. FREEMAN has placed himself in a very unenviable position. Being a law officer of the government, he ostentatiously announced that he had "knowingly and willfully" violated a law of the United States because in his opinion it was unconstitutional, although at the very time, as he must have known, the question of its constitutionality was pending before the full bench of the Circuit Court of the United States for this district. His defiance was the more unseemly not only because the constitutionality of the law was about to be authoritatively determined, not only because it is a law plainly intended to secure justice and to promote the public welfare, but because it might become Mr. FREEMAN's official duty to defend its constitutionality in the Supreme Court of the United States. Whatever the decision of the court might have been, therefore, Mr. FREEMAN's position as a law officer of the government was indefensible. Its impropriety, indeed, was so gross and flagrant that in our opinion he should have been peremptorily removed from office. The law which he prides himself upon having violated has now been pronounced constitutional by the unanimous opinion of a United States court of the highest personal character and legal ability, and the plea of Mr. FREEMAN vanishes utterly before its lucid and conclusive reasoning.

With his general argument falls his inference in regard to Mr. WEBSTER. Mr. FREEMAN alleges correctly that Mr. WEBSTER's circular gave his official sanction to an executive and not to a legislative prohibition of contributions from office-holders for political purposes. But Mr. FREEMAN incorrectly infers that Mr. WEBSTER's position can not be cited as against his own because he himself admits that it is an executive and not a legislative function to regulate the unofficial conduct of public officers. The executive power, however, is not an arbitrary pleasure. It is a constitutional power to be exercised only according to law, and not for personal or partisan purposes, but for justice and the promotion of the public welfare. The executive power can not, as Mr. FREEMAN seems to suppose, constitutionally impose upon public officers a regulation which violates some alleged natural or inherent right. If, as he asserts, it were unconstitutional for Congress to do this by imposing a penalty for a voluntary contribution to aid a lawful purpose, it would be no less so for the President. Now Mr. WEBSTER held that it was a constitutional exercise of executive authority to forbid office-holders to give money for party or election purposes. The reason was of course, that the practice is injurious to the discipline of the service and to the public welfare. For the same reason he could not have denied to Congress the constitutional right, in creating an office, to define, with the same regard to official discipline and to the public welfare, the conditions upon which it should be filled, and to prescribe this condition, among others, if it thought fit. In accordance with this principle, as the Circuit Court remarks in the General CURTIS case, there are many laws of Congress which regulate the unofficial conduct of office-holders. While, therefore, Mr. WEBSTER, in his circular of March 20, 1841, was asserting an executive power, the reason of his assertion equally affirms the legislative power, which has now been authoritatively declared; and he may be justly cited as no less opposed than the Circuit Court to the position of Mr. FREEMAN.

We remind Mr. FREEMAN that neither the law nor the circular of the Civil Service Reform Association condemns voluntary contributions for political or for any other lawful purpose. Such giving is as sacred a right of the American citizen as that of repelling the insolence of self-constituted committees who assume to dictate how two per cent. or any other amount of his income shall be expended. But the law prohibits certain specified pecuniary transactions between employés and officers of the government because they are not voluntary contributions, although they are called so. They are exactions under what the court calls moral coercion. The circular of the association merely reminded the victims of this coercion that the law forbade them to yield to it. Mr. FREEMAN, therefore, has been guilty of the most flagrant official indecorum, he has willfully defied a law plainly intended to protect his fellow-officers and employés, and he has virtually approved and defended a practice which the good sense of the country denounces as substantially robbery of helpless citizens.

PORTIA'S VICTORY.

AMID all the flouting and jeering, the friends of fair play for women are constantly advancing their lines. While President BARNARD, of Columbia College, the mother college of New York, sends a paper to the University Convocation advocating the opening of the college lectures to women, the Supreme Court of Connecticut confirms the eligibility of women to practice in the courts of that State. The opinion was given upon the application of Miss MARY HALL for admission to the Hartford bar, and after the satisfactory result of the examination by the committee.

It may be true, as we understand Mr. C. W. ELLIOTT to contend in the current number of the *North American Review*, that nothing would be gained by the mere competition of women with men in those occupations which have been hitherto chiefly filled by men. But it is always a gain when unreasonable prejudices are prevented from having the force of law, because it shows a finer sense of justice in the community. Thus it appears in Connecticut that there was no constitutional or legal barrier to the practice of law by women. But the traditional exclusion was so much the law that a woman could do only after serious debate and judicial deliberation and solemn proclamation what a man does at his pleasure.

The depositor did not want his money from the bank if he could have it. There are plenty of unquestioned rights of which men never avail themselves; but question of any one of them would draw on a contest. Mr. WEBSTER said that our Revolution was fought upon a preamble. So long as innocent and capable persons are excluded in a free community from useful employments for which they are perfectly competent, and which would give them an honest living, they will certainly protest and demand and appeal until the injustice of their exclusion is perceived and remedied. The result may not be apparent in a change of occupation, because, knowing that he can have his money, the depositor may not wish to take it. But every community is the worse for acquiescing in injustice. We doubt whether the Connecticut bar will be overrun with Portias, but the State may justly pride itself upon a wise extension of liberty.

CONGRESSIONAL BEHAVIOR.

THE disgraceful personal wrangles in Congress are humiliating, but they must not be allowed to escape the record. The official journal of Congressional proceedings is worthless if it be not accurate. The journal is kept to show what is really said and done, not what ought to be said and done, nor what members in their cooler moments may wish had been said or done. That members repent of their speech and conduct is no reason that the record of the actual transactions should be falsified by additions and suppressions.

The behavior of a member of Congress, his power of self-restraint, his tendency to vituperate or misrepresent, his sense of public decency and of proper official conduct, are all part of his qualifications. A man capable of uttering in the House of Representatives words which are unfit to be printed disgraces the country. His constituents are entitled to know the conduct of their Representative, and to decide whether he is the man whom they wish to honor. We do not mean by these remarks to imply that Mr. BUTTERWORTH, as has been charged, recently exposed himself to this censure. He has declared that his words were distorted to an evil purport, and we have no reason to doubt his assertion. But the incident serves to illustrate what we say. Whatever the words were, they did not appear in the *Record*. But they were an actual part of the proceedings of the House, and if they could be rightfully stricken from the published report, so might any other detail of proceeding.

The altercation between Mr. ROBESON and Mr. WHITTHORNE, and between Mr. ROBESON and Mr. HEWITT, however, does appear, and the latter arose from the fact of which we speak, that the *Record* does not truly record. Mr. ROBESON interpolated in the report of his speech words which he did not actually utter injurious to Mr. HEWITT. This is an abuse which merits the severest censure of the House as well as of the country. If a member obtains permission to print a speech which he does not deliver, the House takes the risk of its propriety. But if a member omits part of a speech in the delivery, he is honorably bound in publishing it to call attention to that fact, and all the more stringently is he bound to do this when he publishes personally offensive remarks which he did not utter. The remedy for this abuse lies, of course, in public opinion. A faithful record of the proceedings of Congress will show every constituency whether it wishes to approve by re-election the general demeanor and conduct of its Representative. But this conduct can not be known if the members are permitted to conceal it by mutilating the record.

A TIMELY ILLUSTRATION.

Mr. John B. Brownlow, a son of "Parson Brownlow," is a clerk in the Post-office Department. Mr. Brownlow prefers another gentleman as Representative in Congress to Mr. Houk, the present Representative, and he has said so. Thereupon Mr. Houk writes him a letter saying that if he does not keep quiet he will have him dismissed and sent home to work for a living. Mr. Brownlow, however, replies in a refreshing declaration of independence that he would rather be disfranchised than support so unworthy a Representative.

Mr. Houk is a member of Mr. Hubbell's committee for raising campaign funds by assessing public clerks and employés and nurses and messenger boys. The letter of Mr. Houk to Mr. Brownlow shows that he looks upon a government clerk as a person subject to his dismissal. Now when Messrs. Houk and Hubbell summon such a clerk to give them voluntarily two per cent. of his salary, they know and he knows that the gift is as voluntary as that of a traveller's purse to a footpad.

Moreover, Mr. Brownlow is a public employé whose business it is to attend in some capacity to the transport and distribution of letters. But because he prefers one man to another in his own party as a candidate for Representative in Congress, he is threatened with dismissal. This state of things is one that degrades American citizenship, and makes loss of self-respect the condition of public service. It is this system, also, which makes assessments possible, and the name of "office-holder," which should be as honorable as that of lieutenant or midshipman, half disreputable. And this is the disgrace upon the American name which is to be removed.

CHURCH AND TURF.

General "Abe" Buford, who has acquired some notoriety by reason of his joining the church without abandoning the turf, has been lecturing in Chicago upon "Church and Turf," and upon the duties of what he describes as a "Christian turfman." Betting, he says, with a good deal of plausibility, and not horse-racing at all, is the evil of the turf. It is true that betting is an invariable incident of horse-races everywhere as they are now conducted, but it is not by any means essential to public trials of the speed of horses. An owner will not take the trouble to breed and train horses for speed if he is to gain nothing by success, but it is by no means necessary that his reward should be dependent upon his winning bets. In England an owner can pay the expenses of his stable and have a handsome surplus by winning even a moderate proportion of the money at stake in the important races, without making a single bet, and in fact one of the most successful peers on the modern English turf has made and adhered to a rule of not betting at all. As the breeding of horses becomes a more important industry in this country, the conditions of horse-racing will become such that an owner need lay no wagers in order to make his business profitable. General Buford makes some more or less valuable suggestions about the means to be employed in suppressing gambling. On the whole, while it is impossible to any person not born in Kentucky to find in horse-racing the moral and religious uses which General Buford attributes to it, it must be said that he appears by no means so ridiculous in his lecture as in the startling statements of his views made in some of the Western papers.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

The recent debates in the French Chamber on the appropriation for the navy "to meet events in Egypt" disclose a curious condition of public opinion. While the fleet of the "nation of shop-keepers" was pounding the Alexandria forts to dust, the French Deputies were discussing, not merely moderately, but timidly, the uses to which the Government would put an extra million and a half of dollars if it were allowed them; and while M. Gambetta alone doubted if the Government would use its money boldly enough, most of the speakers seemed to doubt whether it would not use it rashly. Meanwhile the French fleet had steamed for Port Saïd, and England had severed the Gordian knot of the Egyptian question at a blow. Recent dispatches show that the French Government has responded to this hesitant spirit, and has concluded to limit its action to the protection of the Suez Canal. Such a policy, when French blood has been shed in Alexandria, and every Frenchman has fled from Cairo, "the Paris of the Nile," clashes with the traditional reputation of the French people; but the fact that it is sustained by the greater part of the Paris press is reasonable evidence that it fairly meets the actual opinion of France.

There is no doubt that the Deputies, at least, are as peaceful as sheep. John Lemoinne lashes them in the *Journal des Débats*, points out to them that their policy can lead only to "betrayal and shame," reminds them that France "can not stand with folded arms in the face of armed intervention in Egypt," and taunts them with a desire to abandon the African possessions; but whether with or without the approval of the country, the Chamber refuses to move, and the Government follows tamely the sentiment of the Chamber. M. Gambetta remarked recently that the Ministry in their close subservience to the Chamber in foreign matters was like a "miller whose mill ran by water, and who spent his time watching the wind"; but M. De Freycinet, who knows only too well the truth of this bitter gibe, continues to watch the currents of the Chamber, and dares not raise his hand to the tremendous task in which France with England has the highest interest.

"The Empire means peace"—the favorite falsehood of Louis Napoleon—would seem to be capable of adoption as truth by the Republic. Under its calm rule the nation is disturbed more by a question of municipal organization for Paris than by its practical effacement from the European concert. Has, then, the spirit of the French people so singularly changed since the opening of the century? To some extent it undoubtedly has changed. The immense development of industry and wealth, combined with the advance in the means of intercommunication, has made the French more calculating and less passionate, while the terrible lesson of 1871 has taught them that anger is as costly as it is dangerous. But the apparent change in the national temper is also due to the fact that it is the sentiment of the majority of the people which now guides the government, and not that of the "directing class"; and this sentiment is expressed not through an occasional *plébiscite*, but through representatives chosen by universal suffrage. The necessity of consulting these representatives is hampering and annoying, and renders the Government little less than ridiculous in its foreign policy, as judged by standards formerly in vogue; but it exists, and it is a far surer guarantee of peace and prosperity than could in any other way be had.

THE BAIREUTH FESTIVAL.

The production of *Parsifal* is by no means so important and memorable an event in the history of music, or even in the history of opera, as was the production of the *Nibelungen-Ring* in the same theatre six years ago. The former was the larger undertaking, and it was the firmer. At Baireuth, in 1876, Wagner's music was for the first time heard, or rather Wagner's music dramas were for the first time performed, under the conditions which the composer had all along insisted to be necessary to an adequate judgment of his work. The music itself has been heard elsewhere under conditions very possibly as favorable. The wonderful orchestral performance of selections from the cycle under Mr. Thomas at the Festival last spring will never be forgotten by those who were so fortunate as to hear it, and Madame Materna, whose right to speak upon that point will not be disputed, declared that the unities both of time and of force were as strictly observed in New York under Thomas as in Baireuth, where the conductor had the advantage of consultation with the composer. But the music is only one element in Wagner's work, of that of which the chief excellence is the unity of the whole, and for this total effect the admirers of Wagner must still go to Baireuth.

The Baireuth Festival of 1876 fully accomplished its purpose, if its purpose was to indicate Wagner as a composer of great originality and power, possessed of such a mastery of the orchestra as has never been even approached by any other composer past or present. The cheapest of the cheap wits do not now sum up the labors of the composer of the *Nibelungen* dramas as "inexplicable dumb-show and noise." The area of jokes about Wagner's music is steadily moving westward. A few years ago the lowest pressure was in Cincinnati. Now it is somewhere in the longitude of Oshkosh. Wagner's exact standing as a creative musician may still for some time be in dispute, and it is very possible that his reputation in the character in which he is most jealous of his reputation—as a composer and librettist at once of successful operas—may suffer by reason of the difficulty and cost of producing his works as he would have them produced, and also, out of Germany, from the difficulty of setting to his music a translation into any other language of his words. But the Wagner controversy as it raged twenty or even ten years ago in musical columns may safely be considered closed.

It is a remarkable tribute to Wagner's power that he should have been able, by persistent appeals to the "friends of his art," to build and equip a costly theatre for the express purpose of producing his works, and that he should be able to produce these works in perfection without the least regard to expense. It is an equally striking proof of power that he should be able to assemble at a remote Bavarian village cultivated lovers of music the world over, very many of whom have made the pilgrimage to Baireuth from across the sea for the express purpose of hearing the performance of a single opera. The production of *Parsifal* is in this aspect even more noteworthy than the performance of the tetralogy, in which there was four times as much to hear and to see. Both events are certain of an important place in the history of the development of modern music.

BARTHOLDI'S COLOSSUS.

It appears that Bartholdi's colossal statue of Liberty is nearly ready for shipment, and the question what we are going to do about it recurs with added force. Congress has done its part by accepting the gift in proper terms, and virtually giving the sculptor his choice of sites. But it can not be said that the unofficial recognition of the efforts either of the sculptor or of the givers has been very cordial. No correspondence has been published showing any anxiety to learn accurately what the sculptor's wishes were with respect to the site, and it does not appear that the committee has even put itself in communication with the sculptor.

Of course the wishes of M. Bartholdi ought to control all the details of the erection of the statue. The attempt is so new and so daring, and the scale of the work so colossal, that no experiments can be made either with the statue itself or with a model to determine its proper placing. All that must necessarily be left to the author of the work. It must be assumed that he has a clear and definite imagination what his work will be like after it is done and set up, and it is certain that nobody else can know. We must simply leave the matter on trust to M. Bartholdi, relying upon his standing as one of the first of living sculptors as a guarantee that we need not be ashamed to accept and erect anything that he is not ashamed to do. There is something particularly ungracious, therefore, in the position taken by the professor of fine arts who last year came forward to assure the people of New York that their æsthetic culture was so high that they could not like such a "monstrosity" as the colossus was sure to be. The professor's information about the superiority of the æsthetic culture of New York in appreciation of sculpture to that of Paris is exclusive; and moreover, as was promptly pointed out at the time, the professor assumed an equal superiority for us over the Greeks of the time of Phidias, who did not find either the bronze statue of Minerva in the Acropolis, seventy feet high, nor the bronze colossus of Apollo at Rhodes, one hundred and five feet high, to be a monstrosity.

This is not merely the looking of a gift horse in the mouth; it is declaring, before you have had an opportunity of seeing the gift horse at all, that he can not be possibly worth accepting. However, Professor Eaton was severely enough dealt with at the time, and at worst he spoke for nobody but himself. There is something considerably worse than that. M. Bartholdi prepared a design for the pedestal of the statue, no doubt with competent architectural counsel, without which the design of an important monument is never decided in France. There could obviously be nothing done in the premises but to accept this design with thanks, unless it turned out that it was too costly to build. But it struck some benevolent blue-bottle that it could be improved upon, and designs were actually solicited to compete with the design approved by M. Bartholdi for the pedestal of M. Bartholdi's own statue, and to be submitted to a committee of laymen!

The professor who thought New-Yorkers knew more about public statues than modern Parisians or ancient Greeks ought to ponder this fact. If this fact is not enough, it is credibly reported that the design produced by the enterprise of the blue-bottle which most commended itself to the lay committee was one which contemplated the superposition of the statue on the capital of a column as high as itself. Poor M. Bartholdi may be led to wish that he had proposed to bestow a statue upon some less highly æsthetic and cultivated a population than that of New York, Rio Janeiro, for example, or Canton. Either of those cities would have either taken the sculptor's work or left it. They would not have "improved" it.

PERSONAL.

Of Mr. E. Brooks Scovell, the tenor, who a few years ago married Miss Roosevelt, of this city, a writer in the Paris *Figaro* says: "For the first time I heard at Madame Marie Roze-Mapleson's, Signor Scovello, who had been known to me previously only in connection with charitable enterprises. Unlike many of his brother tenors, this American Capoul sings with exquisite taste, and possesses a young and fresh voice, for which he does not strain either on the top of his head or in the heels of his boots."

—The late Congressman Hawk, on the last day he was in the House, went up to General Robinson, of Ohio, and slapping him on the shoulder, said, "Well, general, don't you think you and I were great fools to go down and get shot to pieces in the war?" This recalls a remark made by a Southern warrior who was found one day snugly ensconced in the corner of a fence, quite tipsy, and disposed to sleep. His colonel, riding by, told him to get up and join his company, and that his conduct was discreditable. The tipsy warrior turned up his eyes, and with a half twinkle said, "I say, colonel, don't you th-th-think that this yer wah was a l-l-little *premature?*"

—Ex-President Hayes farms it on an extensive scale at his place in Dakota, where he has this year 265 acres of wheat, 275 acres of oats, and 10 acres of miscellaneous crops. These will, in the aggregate, yield about 20,000 bushels of grain.

—The late Bishop Scott, like most men of brains, had a keen sense of humor. His love of tobacco was well known. While once presiding over the Philadelphia Conference, the usual anti-tobacco resolution was introduced. The prelate pulled a spittoon toward him, and having got rid of a "thumping quid," said, in his piping tones, "Brethren, what action will *you* take on this resolution?"

—Mr. J. Burr Plumb, a member of the last Canadian House of Commons from Niagara, who was defeated in the late Canadian election, is to be called to the Senate in place of Mr. Atkins, who is about to go to Manitoba as Lieutenant-Governor. Mr. Plumb is a native of this country, and his early years were passed in Batavia, New York. Subsequently he went to Albany, and was a long time a prominent banker in that city, and was also conspicuous in its literary and social life. Returning to Niagara, where he had previously married Miss Street, an accomplished and opulent lady, he embarked in political life, and has since occupied an honorable and influential position in the public affairs of Canada.

—The Rev. Increase Sumner, of Wilton, New Hampshire, is said to be the oldest Unitarian minister in active service living. He celebrated his eighty-third birthday on June 27.

—Mr. John P. Howard, of Burlington, Vermont, not satisfied with having given the Burlingtonians an opera-house which cost $125,000, and $50,000 to endow a professorship in the University of Vermont, is now rebuilding the main edifice of the university at a cost of $30,000. He has also given to the university a bronze statue of Lafayette, who laid the corner-stone of its principal building in 1825. The statue, by J. Q. A. Ward, is to cost $25,000, and will be unveiled in September next. Mr. Howard has also given chapels and three elegant fountains to Burlington for its public parks.

—The following personal gossip about certain members of the United States Senate is furnished by the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record:* "Anthony, the oldest member of the Senate, finds his declining years are cheered by the handsome pecuniary results of years of hard work. Bayard, who lives quietly, is supposed to have inherited a moderate fortune from his father. Beck, the Kentucky Scotchman, tall, loose-jointed, but graceful, and with an ever-ready tongue, has been until recently poor; but he had the good fortune to invest a little money in the northwest part of the city before it was covered with handsome residences, and he is now considered a rich man: he dresses and lives very plainly still. Blair, of New Hampshire, who was so easily led astray by the wily Shipherd, of guano fame, is the first poor man on the list; he owns some New Hampshire rocks and a fluent tongue, but little else. Brown, who now represents Georgia alone, is one of the millionaires of the Senate; he made it all in railroads and in cognate speculation. Butler, the professional beauty of the Senate, has nothing, I believe, but his beautiful face and his father's plantation in South Carolina. Call, of Florida, is neither handsome nor rich, although he has a picturesque Spanish face and some money. Camden is a West Virginia millionaire—coal and oil and lumber and iron—a smart lawyer and good business man withal. Of course you know that J. Donald Cameron is rich, and will be richer, and that his new house here, like his home in Harrisburg, is one of the sights. His Wisconsin namesake, Angus Cameron, is comparatively poor."

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"SO THEY WERE MARRIED."

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET," "WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME," ETC.

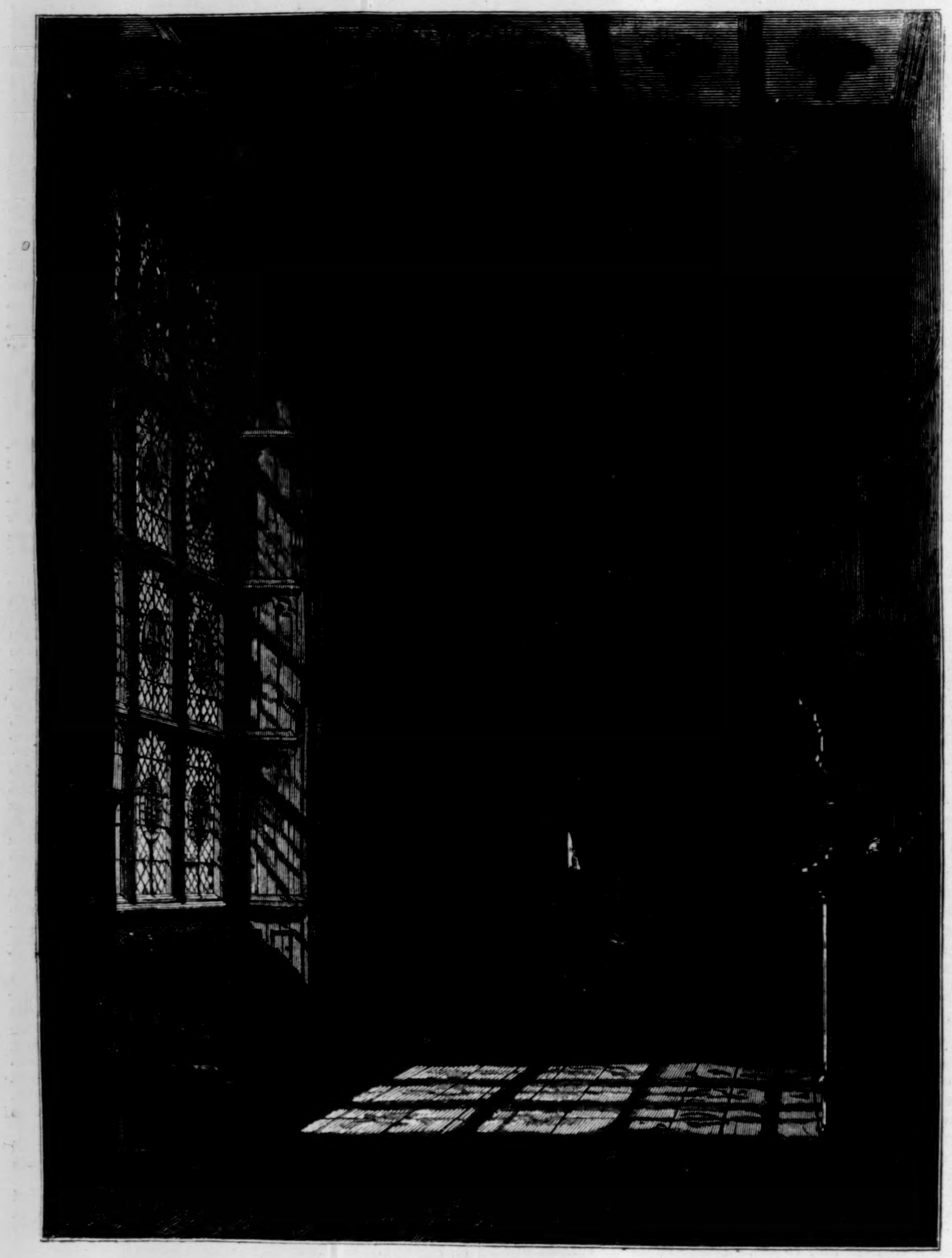
PART II.—IN THE SEASON.

CHAPTER VIII.

HER SIMPLE DUTY.

THREE days—four days—a fortnight passed over, during which Violet sent no message of submission at all, and her husband felt more ill-used and more indignant.

She was thinking: the longer she thought over the matter, the more difficult it was to act. She ought to have refused his proposal with contempt; but she exaggerated her own helplessness: she was ignorant, and did not know what safeguards may be gained by claiming protection of the law. She was in the false position of a wife not owned by her husband's friends. She did not think of putting herself in a lawyer's hands, still less did she contemplate the possibility of taking the child to his grandfather and asking his protection, for she was firmly convinced that in any contest with her husband all his relations would combine to bring the weight of their united influence against her. The wicked-nobleman theory is not yet quite exploded. Indeed, there are plenty of agitators who still try to lash their auditors into a rage by depicting the vices of the bloated Lords.



A HALL IN THE TOWERS.

She was afraid. She might let her husband do what he proposed to do—that is, marry again, just as if she did not exist; or she might forbid the marriage. In the former case she was to be rewarded by an open acknowledgment of her son's true position after sixteen years; but how was she to prove after sixteen years that "Richard Johnson" was Guy Ferrier? And if she could not prove that, her boy's rights would have been willfully and wastefully thrown away. In the latter case, if she refused her consent, who would protect her and the boy from her husband's interference?

After a fortnight of anxious consideration she took Paul Perigal into her counsels, and told him for the first time the whole story, and her husband's true name, and the latest proposition he had made.

"You wait," he said, "for sixteen years. So much interval between the acts. The boy has grown a man. You take him—yourself closely veiled—to the lordly castle of his ancestors; you say to him, 'Boy, this is yours!' If his father is living you bring his son to him. He will be laid up with gout—they always are at five-and-forty. You will say, 'My Lord, I restore to you your son and heir. I am your wife!' Then 'Who,' cries her ladyship, clutching her hair with wild gesture and despairing eyes—'who am I?' It seems a strong part to play, Violet."

"And who's to prove it, Daddy?"

"I can prove it, Violet. You forget that you have me—always."

You can't *tell* an old man of eighty that in all human probability he will be dead in sixteen years.

"If we were to try any other plan, Daddy?"

He reflected.

"There used to be a situation in— What was the name of it? They played it at the Adelphi. The bridal party interrupted—the appearance of the real wife—'I forbid the ceremony!'—shrieks of the bride—impotent rage of the villain."

Violet shook her head.

"I've always got to remind you, Daddy, that we play now for the half-guinea stalls, not for the pit and the gallery."

There was no use in consulting the old man. His views were too narrowly professional. Violet returned to her silent musings, and found no help there.

"What is the matter, Violet?" asked Elsie, who had observed with concern the most unusual phenomenon of a failure in her employer's usually robust appetite.

"Elsie, I am truly miserable."

"I have seen it," said Elsie, "for a week and more. Can I help you?"

"No, child, you can not; unless you find me a man to advise with. I want an honest man and a wise man."

"I think I know the very man; that is, if you would consult with a friend of mine. He is a gentleman—a great university scholar; and he is going to be a great writer. He lives with us." Here she remembered her dreadful deception, and she blushed a rosy red and went on, speaking fast: "And oh! Violet, I must confess to you. When you said you wanted a real lady I ought not to have come, because my father was only a small clerk and my mother lets lodgings, and if it had not been for Mr. Percival I should never have been educated at all. Now, please, send me away, because I have deceived you."

"My dear child," said Violet, "what a fuss about nothing at all! Send you away! Why, what would the boy do without you? And did you suppose I thought your father was a viscount? Goodness me! he was a crutch-and-toothpick swell compared with mine, who is nothing in the world but a carpenter at Drury Lane—poor old dear! And what was your father, Daddy?" For Paul was standing beside them.

"Hum!" he replied. "My father—now with the angels—was—in fact—he was—but—

"'When Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.'"

"You see, Elsie," said Violet. "So, there, nothing more need be said. And about this Mr. Percival. I can't ask a stranger here and begin, 'Once there was a girl.' Would he call upon me if you ask him? Most men would like the chance," she added, with a laugh.

"He admires you very greatly," said Elsie. "We often go together to the pit to see you. He isn't rich, you know."

"Together? Why, Elsie, you, of all people in the world!"

"Oh, no, no, no!" she cried, blushing. "It isn't that—of all things. Oh! pray don't think it is that. Why, Mr. Percival has known me for years. He used to lodge with us long ago. And he must be getting on for thirty years of age now."

"What a great age! But yet— Well, Elsie, about this friend of yours. It seems a foolish thing to have no one to ask for advice—to have to ask a stranger. But yet— You are sure he is a wise man?"

"Oh! he is very wise."

"And would he come?"

"He would if I were to ask him, I think."

"I don't see what I can do. I must ask somebody. Well, Elsie, ask him, please. If he will be so good as to interest himself in a stranger's affairs I will see him, if he will come to me. Tell him that I am in trouble, and want the advice of a sensible man with discretion. To think that of all the men I know there is not one to whom I can go and ask for a little real advice! Never be an actress, child, because it is all show and make-believe, and people get to think you have no thoughts, no feelings, no hopes, and no anxieties of your own. You must always look and talk as if there was nothing but laughing in the world."

Elsie opened upon the subject that very evening, but with little effect; because Mr. Percival was agitated about quite another matter, and could think and talk of nothing else. Yet he promised to see Miss Violet Lovelace. The business, Elsie said, was connected with her husband, who had come back, and, she supposed, wanted money.

"It will end," he said, "in her going to a solicitor, and getting a deed of separation, in order to protect her and her child. Well, I will go with you, Elsie, but I do not suppose I can do much. I am not a lawyer nor a solicitor, nor do I know how to apply the screw to gentlemen who wish to live upon the labors of their wives. Three dozen at a cart-tail one might recommend, but the absurd law of the land does not allow it."

What had happened that day was this:

Percival received a confidential letter from Palmiste—from the Pink Boy, in fact. As the accountant of the bank, where the strictest confidence should be observed, he ought not to have written the letter. But he was young, and anxiety for his friends may be pleaded as an excuse.

"It is all over, I fear," he wrote, "with Mon Désir. The poor old Captain has got a most awful bad crop; the estate won't pay working expenses this year, and I know that we can't advance any more money upon it. What he will do I can not tell, but he will most certainly, unless he can raise more money, have to become bankrupt. Then the estate will be sold. It seems hard after all these years. Can you go and tell Miss Ferrier? Her mother and Madame Kemyss do not know, I should think, anything about it. And even the Squire himself knows very little. She might be able to raise some money. She will be of age in a year or two; meanwhile the money is wanted at once. It is hard that her thousands should be lying idle, so to speak, without being useful to the man who has been so good a trustee for her. Go and see her at once, and tell her eight thousand or so would pull the old man through this year, and next year one may hope for a better crop. It is very unlucky that the little touch of a cyclone which passed over us in March seems to have picked out Mon Désir above all others for damage. Tom looks rather haggard over something, but even he doesn't know the whole danger. Perhaps he is haggard about Virginie. I'm a good deal worn myself—you wouldn't know me again—and the Padre isn't the same man since she went away. I suppose I mustn't send my love, and perhaps if I did you would not be the man to take it. Don't be mean and try to cut out Tom. But we hear that she is always with her great cousins. If she *should* go and marry that beast of a man—"

Thus far the Pink Boy.

Percival lost no time at all in taking the letter to Virginie. He went that very morning.

"Why," she asked, "do you never come to see me?"

"Because it isn't safe. In this country we know our level; I belong to Grub Street; you to Mayfair. Because you are a young lady of fashion, and I am only an obscure person whose fortune for the moment is out at elbows."

"But we are old friends," said Virginie. "You ought to have come here long ago. Sit down and let us talk."

Then Percival unfolded his tale.

"Oh!" cried Virginie. "It is dreadful. Something must be done. What can be done? Can't he use my money?"

"You can ask some lawyer here to lend you money, which you must pay to the bank to his account. I can think of no other way. And I am so ignorant of money matters that I do not even know how to advise you; but then any lawyer will know."

"I will ask Guy," said Virginie.

"Your cousin, Captain Ferrier? Yes, he would know."

"I did not tell you, Mr. Percival," she said, blushing. "I am engaged to be married to my cousin."

"Poor Tom!" The intelligence fell upon him so suddenly that he was fain to put his thoughts into words.

She bent her head, and did not reply for a moment. Then she said, softly,

"Tom was always my brother."

Percival rose.

"You will, then," he said, coldly, "consult Captain Ferrier how best to save this good man—your guardian and your father's friend—from ruin. I knew that I had only to lay the matter before you. Thank you for your attention."

He touched her fingers and left her.

Why had her old friend the Professor treated her in such a manner? What had she done? Alas! she understood too well. Poor Tom!

As Percival left the house, he met the accepted lover, and saluted him, but without the usual smile of recognition. Guy was in a vile temper that morning; he wanted an answer from Violet, and he was afraid to call upon her again; he was afraid that she might find out his engagement, which was already in the papers. He would have kept away from his *fiancée* altogether but for Maude, who made him go.

His temper got the better of him when he saw a man—one of the many men—whom he hated actually leaving the house.

"You, sir," he cried—"you—what is your name?"

"My name is Percival, as you know very well, Captain Ferrier."

"What are you doing in this house?"

"You had better," said the other, "ask Miss Ferrier."

"I forbid you the house," said Guy. "I will not allow you to call upon Miss Ferrier."

"Have you anything more to say?" For Virginie's sake Percival kept his temper down. Yet it was hard not to "go" for that ill-conditioned brute. Poor Virginie!

"No, sir. I have nothing more to say. You have my commands."

"Then, Captain Ferrier, as I am not in your company, let me tell you that I do not take commands from you. Good-morning."

Guy found his cousin in tears. He took no notice of her agitation, being still in a towering rage.

"Virginie," he said, "that man is never to come to the house again. You must never speak to him if you meet him; you are not to know him. Do you hear?"

"What man?"

"The man who has just been here. Percival is his confounded name."

"My old friend? Why not?"

"Because I wish it."

"I have just heard very bad news," she said, passing over this thing, though she wondered greatly. Then she told her news.

"Going to be bankrupt, is he?" asked Guy. "That seems a pity. But it isn't your fault."

"He shall not be bankrupt," said Virginie, firmly, "if I can help it. Bankrupt! when I have all those thousands, doing no one good. Why, if it cost me all my fortune, he should not be bankrupt."

He laughed in contempt.

"Give up your whole fortune! Oh, come, Virginie, don't be ridiculous. Your money is not to be made ducks and drakes of in that fashion. These people must help themselves out of the mess."

"But I *must* save my dear old guardian, Guy, I must. Do you not understand? He was my father's closest friend; his wife is my mother's cousin; he has been everything to me. Can not you see that I *must* go to their help?"

"No, I can't. Your fortune belongs to yourself—and to your husband."

"I have no husband—yet." She looked dangerous; but Guy's temper made him careless of what he said. Of course he meant that her fortune was already promised to himself.

"I shall not allow you to fool your money away," he went on, in his blundering, stupid, selfish way.

Her color mounted to her cheek. Was this a way for a girl to be addressed by a lover?

"I do not understand you this morning, Guy. First you forbid me to keep up the acquaintance of a gentleman for whom I have the greatest regard; next you refuse to recognize my dearest obligations. As for asking your permission—But you had better leave me."

It was his cursed temper, he said to Maude, afterward. What business had the girl to talk of giving away her fortune—his money?

He obeyed; but, still being wrathful, he fired a parting shot.

"I am sorry," he said, "that you object to common-sense. Perhaps to-morrow, Virginie, you will have recovered your reason."

He came away, leaving her bewildered. Was this her gallant and chivalrous lover? Was it possible for a man of such exalted principle and noble feeling to disapprove of the help she wanted to give her oldest and truest friends? Could she have been deceived?

It was the first part of this business which Mr. Percival was still turning over in his mind.

Poor Tom! Poor Virginie!

That was the burden of his song. The coming failure was nothing compared with this loss and throwing away and waste of love. Even the break up of Mon Désir estate was but a small thing compared with the marriage of this sweet and precious girl with a man so churlish, so morose, and so selfish.

"Elsie," he said, "prate to me no more of Violet Lovelace. I have had to do with worse troubles than hers."

"Not troubles of your own?" She was quick to think for him.

"No, not my own. I told you that the spell was removed from the Enchanted Island when Virginie came away."

"Yes."

"The palace of jasper and malachite and white marble became a simple bungalow, with elephant creeper and honeysuckle climbing round it, and a compound planted with roses and mignonette and pretty things about it. Now the bungalow itself is to be destroyed and its occupants turned out."

"Oh!"

"One of them is an old man. And it will probably kill him. One is a young man, and his chances are ruined."

"Oh, your poor friends!"

"And Virginie—" He paused.

"Virginie?"

"A dreadful dragon has got hold of Virginie. He will first devour and destroy all that she possesses, and after that he will rend her to pieces. Poor Tom!"

"Oh, is it true?"

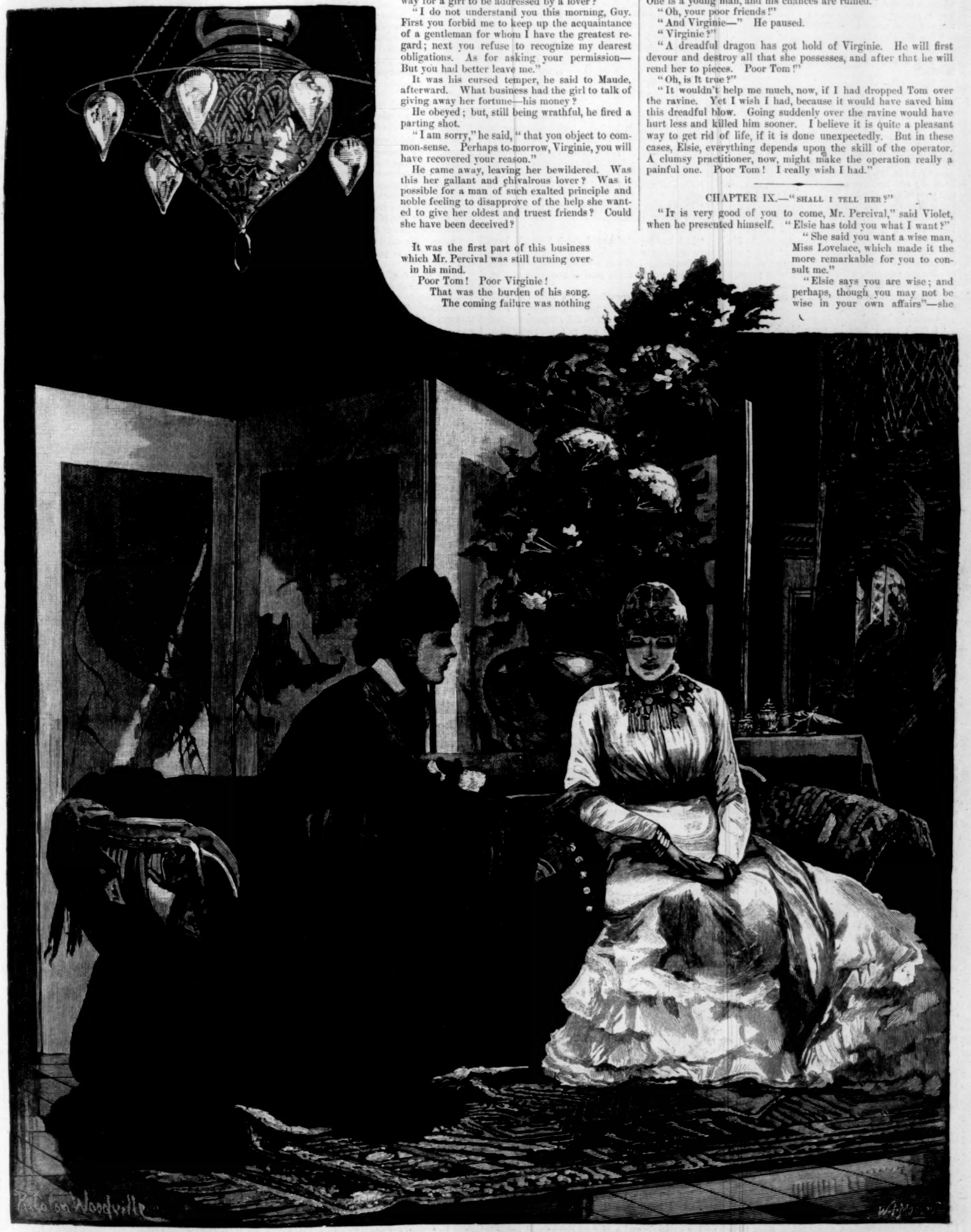
"It wouldn't help me much, now, if I had dropped Tom over the ravine. Yet I wish I had, because it would have saved him this dreadful blow. Going suddenly over the ravine would have hurt less and killed him sooner. I believe it is quite a pleasant way to get rid of life, if it is done unexpectedly. But in these cases, Elsie, everything depends upon the skill of the operator. A clumsy practitioner, now, might make the operation really a painful one. Poor Tom! I really wish I had."

CHAPTER IX.—"SHALL I TELL HER?"

"It is very good of you to come, Mr. Percival," said Violet, when he presented himself. "Elsie has told you what I want?"

"She said you want a wise man, Miss Lovelace, which made it the more remarkable for you to consult me."

"Elsie says you are wise; and perhaps, though you may not be wise in your own affairs"—she



"I HOPE YOU DO NOT LOVE HIM."

said this without meaning any reflection on the undoubted shabbiness of the hat—“you may be in other people's. If you will listen to me—if you have the time—”

“At present, Miss Lovelace, I have all the time there is, or nearly all. I will listen like one end of a telephone, if I can be of any use to so charming an actress.”

“Elsie said you were a good fellow,” said Violet. “Let us be friends, Mr. Percival. You must call me Violet. It isn't my real name, so it doesn't matter. Besides, lots of men call me Violet who never want to help me at all.”

“Very well, Violet; you do me very great honor, and if I can be of the least service—”

“Think it is for Elsie's sake,” she interposed, anxious to check the first shadow of a flirtation. “And then give your attention to an unfortunate married person, whose husband ought to be put in the pillory, and kept there till there wasn't a rotten egg or a bad potato left.”

“For Elsie's sake, then,” he replied, laughing.

Then the actress told her story, anonymously.

“May I call your husband names?” asked Percival.

“If you please.”

“He wants you to stand by and see yourself and your child insulted, while he ignores your existence and marries again; he wants you to be the accomplice in a crime in which you lose all and he gains everything; he wants you to accept his bare promise to acknowledge the boy as soon as he is of age—when the *witnesses who could prove his identity with your husband will perhaps be dead;* and he threatens to follow, rob, and annoy you, to take the boy, to— Good God! I can not call him names. There are no names in the English language which I can find strong enough. But I know a little Hindustani, and I will swear at him for a few moments in that tongue.” He did so, which relieved his mind. “But your course is quite clear. Put yourself into the hands of a lawyer, and have a deed of separation properly drawn up. Is the man—I do not ask out of any impertinent curiosity—but is he a gentleman?”

“Certainly he is.”

“I don't mean does he wear black cloth instead of corduroy. But is he a man of any position?”

“He is the heir to a Peerage.”

“In that case you are quite safe. There may be one or two bad hats among eldest sons, but there is not one, I am sure—there can not be one—who would dare to take his wife's salary and deprive her of her son.”

“Not if he were ruined?”

“Not then; because, you see, the heir to a Peerage must—he must—pay some regard to honor. He may drink and gamble; he may do all kinds of bad things; but such a thing as your husband threatens you with he dares not do. No; if he were ten times ruined, he could not do it.”

Violet breathed.

“This is a *very* bad man,” she said. “I think he is the most selfish of all men that ever lived, and the basest. Boys take after their mothers, they say, else I should have no joy in my son for fear he should take after his father.”

“Get your deed of separation drawn up. You have, doubtless, valid reasons for desiring the separation. He would not wish for publicity; you may rest in perfect safety.”

“But if I refuse my consent, all his family would back him up.”

“Oh no. What are you thinking of? Do you believe it possible that the family of any English gentleman would back up their son in such abominable wickedness as this?”

Violet had been thinking of the Wicked Duke and the Virtuous Milliner of song and story and melodrama, and now began to suspect that perhaps these picturesque characters might be theatrical, and belong to a melodrama.

“I will tell you all, Mr. Percival, because I am at my wits' end, and would do anything—even be an accomplice in bigamy—rather than let my boy's rights be lost. His father is the only son of a Lord; he is about eight-and-twenty; he is completely ruined by gaming; he has mortgaged his reverses—no, his reversions—”

“His reversionary interests—”

“—For as much as they will bring, and he is in despair. And he has got hold of a girl with money. If he marries her, all will be well, he says. If not, all will be ill. The girl's name I do not know. His name is the Honorable Guy Talbot Ferrier. And I am his— Gracious! Mr. Percival, what is the matter?”

He sprang from his chair and began dancing round the room, because the wrath which seized him at that moment was too much to be endured.

“The villain!....the double-dyed villain!.... the scoundrel! I knew he was capable of anything from the very first;....he looks it;.... there is rogue and traitor and liar and common cheat stamped upon his face. Oh!....oh!.... oh!”

Violet looked at him in amazement which partook of amusement, because she had never before had an opportunity of seeing genuine, unrestrained wrath freely manifested. It is, if you think of it, one of the rarest of things. Afterward she “rendered” this portion of the scene to Paul very faithfully, and they made a note of it for future use.

“Do you know him, then, Mr. Percival?”

He stopped in his wild career, in which he had broken two chair legs.

“Yes, I do know him,” he replied, fiercely. “What is more, I know the girl whom he wants to marry. But we shall stop that. Thank Heaven, we shall stop that!”

“Stop it by all means,” said Violet; “but don't forget my boy's interests.”

“We will not. She is the sweetest girl, the kindest-hearted, prettiest, most noble, most perfect, most lovely of women.”

“But I thought you were in love with Elsie, Mr. Percival. That was why I asked you to help me; and now it seems as if you were in love with— No, no, she can't be my rival, because”—Here she stopped abruptly.

“Elsie! Elsie! oh yes—Elsie. I am in love, first of all, with Virginie. Elsie is a good little thing; but—Virginie!”

“Good little things may have hearts of their own, Mr. Percival. Remember that.”

“As Beatrice was to Dante, as Laura was to Petrarch, so is Virginie to those who love her.” He was so deeply moved with indignation that he said these words in perfect earnestness and solemnity.

“What's the use of loving a woman if you can't marry her?” asked Violet.

Percival made no reply. The explanation and apology of a man's loves to a perfect stranger was a descent from melodrama to farce. There should always be a funny man in every piece, but Percival had no wish to play the part.

“How shall we act?” he asked. “We must think of her as well as of yourself.”

“If you will tell me the girl's name, and where she lives, I will write, or go to see her, and tell her the truth at once. Do you think she is fond of him?”

“I do not know. Yes; the sooner the better—not a day should be lost. I can not think he would dare to marry her without some promise of silence from you. I wondered when I saw him first, last New-Year's Day, what the man had done to make him so morose and black of visage.”

“He had married me,” said Violet, “and he couldn't get rid of me.”

“That ought not to make a man morose,” replied Percival, gallantly.

Violet laughed.

“If I had married you, I think I should have gone dancing and singing,” he said, yet with a little hesitation and half a blush, because perhaps she would not like this turn of the conversation. But she did.

“I don't mind compliments a bit,” she said. “Lord! everybody pays me compliments. I get them, with bouquets, sent to the stage-door; and in letters; and in poetry and in prose; and from all sorts of men—prince to pot-boy. Men are all alike; they fall in love with a woman made up for the stage with vaseline and rouge and powder; and they think she is a goddess; and they think they may ‘hope,’ as they call it. But don't get serious, or I must tell Elsie. So you think you would not have been so morose if you had been my husband. I don't think you would, and I wish to Heaven that you were my husband, or any other honest man, instead of the poor creature I have got. Well,....” she sighed heavily, “let us have patience, and spoil his little plot.”

“You may do one of two things—you may tell his father, or you may tell Virginie. One of these two things you must do. If you choose the first, you can never again be threatened in this way; if the second, she will learn the truth in the most direct way.”

“I can not tell Lord Ferrier,” said Violet. “I promised him—my husband—that I would not obtrude myself upon any of his family. Nothing but the interests of the boy would make me break that promise. Let me go to Miss— What is her name?”

“Miss Ferrier—she is his second cousin. Perhaps that would be best. But go at once—to-day.”

He sat down and wrote a letter.

“Dear Virginie,—I have made a discovery of the highest importance to you. The lady who bears this note will tell you what it is. You may *entirely depend* upon the truth of what she says. I grieve to be the sender—not the cause—of such a tale as she has to tell you.

“Yours always and sincerely,
“Philip Percival.”

“There!” he said. “The letter is plain and straightforward. You will tell her kindly, will you not?”

“I will tell her as kindly as I can,” said Violet. “There can not be much kindness in telling a girl that the man she—loves—perhaps—I loved him once, or thought I did—is such as my husband.”

“But you will not—oh no!—I am sure you feel for her. It is not her fault—”

“I will be very kind and gentle,” said Violet, softening. Then she laughed, and said: “Shall I rehearse the scene to you? I can be the injured wife: see.” Her face became pale, her eyes fixed, her arms dropped to her side, her form rigid—she was a woman in the first despair of a deadly blow. “Or the raging woman whose lover has been snatched from her: so.” She threw herself back, and became a figure full of life, passion, and wrath, her left arm raised high above her head, her right hand quivering at her bosom. She was Medea. “Or I will take it crying: see.” She sank upon her knees with a low wail, forced from her by her misery, and buried her despairing head in her hands. “Or shall I triumph over her sorrow?”

“You are a wonderful actress. You can represent any passion, and any person. Represent for me, now, the real Violet Lovelace, the woman who has a heart—”

“No.” She took the letter and read it. “That part is reserved for Miss Ferrier—if there is a woman with a heart at all. But I don't know; sometimes nothing is real but the boy—and Daddy. And the best part of him, poor old man! is his wig. You can trust me, Mr. Percival. I will be as kind as I can. You know that I have never been taught the gentle ways and soft words that ladies learn; I mean some ladies—not all. Because I have seen them fighting to get out after the performance, and struggling for good places at a sale and a picture show; and really I think that we behave much better on the stage.”

CHAPTER X.

VIOLET AND VIRGINIE.

Virginie had been engaged exactly a fortnight. It is not a long time, but an ardent lover may do a great deal in fourteen days to make himself known to his sweetheart, and to learn her thoughts and her way of looking upon things. The one thing which Guy did to reveal himself was to forbid her to receive the visits of one old friend, and to fly into a rage when she spoke of saving another old friend from ruin. What did this mean? She was astonished and perplexed. Perhaps when Guy came again he would explain how she had misled him. Certainly he would not, he could not, object to her trying to help her guardian. She met Maude in the evening, but said nothing about her trouble. No doubt Guy would come in the morning and explain, and all would be well.

He did not come; he had, in fact, though he knew it not, seen Virginie for the last time; he staid in his own rooms, morose and savage. Why did Violet make no sign? What did she mean? And if the other girl was going to give away her money—*his* money—it might just as well be broken off at once. Better, in fact, let the smash come.

Virginie waited for him all the morning. As he did not come, she thought of writing to him. Hitherto, no letters had passed between them; none of the little notes meaning nothing, except, always, “Je t'aime—je t'aime,” which are so common among some lovers. Not one note, not one word of endearment—truly a frigid lover and a disappointing engagement. On the other hand, plenty of notes from Lord Ferrier, who was much more in love with her than his son, and was, in fact, the only one of the four concerned who was entirely happy over the engagement. She could not write. He must either come and make rough things smooth, in person, or he must write; she could not.

Early in the afternoon she received a letter, and was informed that the lady who brought it was waiting to see Miss Ferrier. It was Percival's letter. What misfortune could it be? She thought of her guardian, and assumed that it was connected with him. Had the blow really fallen, and so suddenly? But no mail could have come in since yesterday, when her own letters reached her, and spoke about nothing unusual.

It was a young lady, apparently about five-and-twenty, dressed in some plain dark costume. She wore rather a thick veil for the time of year.

“Oh!” cried Virginie, “you have come from Mr. Percival to tell me something. What has happened? Is it my guardian?”

“No, Miss Ferrier; it is not your guardian.”

“Will you, please, tell me what it is?”

Violet looked at her for a few moments in silence. She was certainly a very pretty girl, and not the least in her own style.

“Yes,” she said; “I will tell you. But it is rather a long story.”

“Tell me first whom it concerns.”

“It concerns—yourself.”

“Some misfortune has happened to myself! What can that be?”

“I did not say misfortune. What I am going to tell you will avert the worst misfortune which could happen to any woman.”

“You are mysterious. May I ask your name?”

“I am called, on the stage, Violet Lovelace. I am an actress by profession. You may have seen me at the theatre.”

“Yes, indeed, I have,” said Virginie. “I have seen you several times. But what story can you have that concerns myself?”

“I have a very sad story, and one which concerns you very closely. Tell me, first—do not, pray do not, think me impertinent—do you love Guy Ferrier?”

“I am engaged to him.”

“Yet....still....do you love him?”

“I can not answer that question. I ought not to answer it. I do not know how to answer it.”

“You do not know. I am glad of it. Because you would have answered it easily, if— You are his cousin, are you not?”

“Yes; I am his cousin.”

“I will ask you no more questions, Miss Ferrier. I will tell you my story.”

Violet is a very clever woman. If she had not been an actress, she might have been a great dramatist or a great novelist. She told her own story in the most effective way possible. She did not begin with “There was once a girl.” She said, “I was a poor girl, a street child, a gutter child, who played in a court, and danced to a barrel-organ.”

She struck at once the note of poverty, ignorance, belief in the promises of a gentleman. She told how, after years of training, she came out in small parts at a London house; how a gentleman was introduced to her. “Very few gentlemen were introduced to me then, because I was a very insignificant little person in those days. This one was young—not more than one or two and twenty. He was one of those young men who must always have what they desire, without waiting for it, and at whatever cost; and he fell in love with me; he fell so much in love that he must needs marry me at once. I was so silly that I thought it a splendid thing to marry a gentleman, and we were married in a church, and before witnesses. He was a handsome man, and of course I thought he would be as good as he was handsome; and I was a pretty girl, and he thought he would always love me as much as he did then.” So far it was a tale of love—a tale of the Prince and the Beggar Girl.

Then her note changed. The second act began with a small lodging, a husband who repented of his act a week after he had done it, and was already weary of his wife; and then a baby; and cruel words, with neglect, desertion, and reproaches. And that act closed with the flight of the mother and her child.

Virginie sat listening in wonder. Such a tale, so told, she had never heard or looked to hear. Why, in the gestures, the voice, the look of the actress, she saw scene after scene of the sad story as if it was being played, by all the actors in it, before her eyes. More than this, out of the words and the voice she constructed the despicable hero of the piece, and she shuddered because she was made, in spite of herself, to think of Guy. As the actress stood when she put hard and cruel words into her husband's mouth, as she held her head, so he stood, so he held his head. But she put the thought behind her. And was it not his very voice that spoke those words?

Then came the third act. But as Virginie listened, her heart grew cold, because it seemed to her as if she heard the very footsteps of Guy, drawing nearer and nearer, as if she heard his voice, heard his words. The air was heavy with the presence of her lover.

“Who....who....is the man?” she cried.

Before her stood nothing but the thin figure of a woman; but beside the woman there seemed to be the ghost of her own lover—no more noble, no more the perfect knight, but downcast, with hanging head, uttering shameful words—a craven, a coward, and a liar.

“Who is the man?” she cried, passionately.

Violet went on with her drama, heedless of the question.

Then Virginie saw how this ghost, this wretched creature, maddened with debts, sent to the woman he had married, and proposed that they should both go on for the future as if there had been no marriage: how she refused the offer, because the boy should never be ashamed of his mother: how then he asked her—but she refused again—to make no sign if he acted as though he were not already married, because by marrying a certain girl with a large fortune he could put his difficulties straight, and in sixteen years' time, but not till then, when the boy was of age, he would acknowledge him to be his lawful heir.

She stopped; her story was told.

Then she took Virginie by both hands, and said, while natural tears of pity rose to her eyes:

“Poor child! I hope you do not love him; because this man, this villain, my husband, is none other than Guy Ferrier.”

“I knew it from the beginning,” said Virginie, quickly. “I saw it must be he. I knew his voice, and his gestures. Let me think a little. I do not know what to say, or what to think.”

“Certainly,” thought Violet, “this is not the way in which a love-sick maid would receive the news. She does not love him.”

“I must ask him,” said Virginie, presently, “if your story is true. But Mr. Percival says that what you say is true.”

Then they were silent again.

“Shall I show you his son?” asked Violet. “The boy is not like his father.”

“Oh! no, no, no! I want to see nothing and no one belonging to him.”

[to be continued.]

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MULTUM IN PARVO.

A SERIES OF

GOOD STORIES,

WITH NO WASTE OF WORDS.

By CHARLES READE,

Author of “Hard Cash,” “Put Yourself in His Place,” “Foul Play,” “Griffith Gaunt,” “The Woman-Hater,” etc.

SINGLEHEART, AND DOUBLEFACE.

A MATTER-OF-FACT ROMANCE.

CHAPTER VII.

Pinder and Deborah both felt they had met their match. Pinder held his peace; but Deborah couldn't. Her lips trembled, but she fought him to the last. “I shall leave this house at one word from my sister; but not at the bidding of a stranger that's here to-day and gone to-morrow, as soon as he has milked the cow and bled the calf.” With a grand sweeping gesture of the left arm she indicated Sarah as the cow, and with her right, Lucy as the calf.

The tremendous words, and the vulgar yet free and large gestures with which she drove them home, made even Pinder say, “Oh!” and so upset Mansell's cunning self-command that he came at her furiously. But Sarah stopped him. “No, you shall not answer her, James. You go and take your daughter on your knee, and I'll tell these two my mind.” She was so grave and dignified there was no resistance.

Mansell retired with Lucy, and went up the stairs.

When he was quite gone, Sarah put out her two hands and said, sweetly, “Come here, you two.” Then they each took a hand, and their eyes glistened.

She took them gently to task in silvery accents, that calmed and soothed them as they fell. “You have a true affection for me, both of you. Then pity me too, and don't drive me into a corner. Do not make me choose between my husband and you; you know which I *must* choose. Why, dear heart, if I spent my money on my back, you would not grudge it me. Then why not let me please my heart, and give my money where I give my love, that is worth more than £400 if you could but see it.”

They were both subdued by her words. Deborah said, in a sort of broken, helpless way, to Pinder, “She doesn't understand.”

“What we mean is that if you part with your money, you will lose your man; but so long as you stick to your money, he will stay with you;

and we have both seen how you can fret for him, when he does desert you as well as bleed you."

"Ay," said Sarah, nobly, and without anger. "You mean me well; but you doubt, and mistrust, and suspect. No offense to either of you, but your nature is not mine. I am single-hearted. I can not love and mistrust. Nor I could not mistrust and love."

The beauty of her mind and the sweetness of her strong but sober words overpowered her old lover and tender friend. "Don't harass her any more," said he. "She is too good for this world. She is an angel."

Deborah smiled, and after taking a good look at her sister, said, coolly, "She is a wonderful good woman; her face would tell one that; but she *is* a woman, you may be sure, like her mother before her. Sarah, 'tis no use beating about the bush any longer. Would you like that £400 to go to another woman?"

"Another woman?" cried the supposed angel, firing up directly. "What do you mean? What other woman?"

"Dick Varney saw him with a woman, and a handsome one."

"Well, what does that prove?"

"Not much by itself; but a man that leaves one woman for three years, at his time of life, is safe to take on with another."

"Oh!" cried Sarah, "don't tell me so."

But Deborah was launched. She said: "It's all a mystery, and against nature, if there's no other woman; but, if there's another, it's all as plain as a pikestaff. Three years' dead silence and neglect—another woman—you fretting in England—no other man—(Mr. Pinder is only a friend)—he jolly as a sand-boy in New York—another woman—*she* wants money (t'other woman always does)—Dick Varney tells *him* you've got it—he's here in one month after that, and the first day he is here he drains the cow. American insecurities?—A Yankee gal!"

This time her rude eloquence and homely sense carried all before them. Sarah, whose face had changed with the poison of jealousy, lost all her Madonna-like calmness. She was almost convulsed; she moaned aloud. "If it is so, Heaven help me!" She put her hand to her bosom, and her beautiful brown eyes half disappeared upward, and showed an excess of white. "Oh, sister, you have put a viper in my bosom—Doubt. It will gnaw away my heart."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Deborah, terrified at her sister's words, and still more at her strange looks. Then she began to blame her woman's tongue, and beg Sarah to dismiss her suspicions with contempt. But this was met by another change, almost as remarkable in its way. "No," said Sarah, with iron firmness, "I could not love, and doubt, and live. I'll put it to the test." Deborah looked amazed and puzzled. Sarah walked to the parlor door and called up the stairs, "James dear, please come here." "Whatever will she do or say?" groaned Deborah, and began to shiver. Sarah came back to her, and said, in a sort of hissing whisper, "Now, since you have taught me to suspect, and distrust, and doubt, you must go a little farther. I bid you watch my husband's face, and his very body, whilst I that am his wife play upon him. She hung her head, ashamed of what she was going to do. But Deborah said, roughly, "Won't I?—that's all."

James Mansell came in, and cast a shrewd glance all round. Deborah's face told him nothing. She wore an expression of utter indifference. Pinder hung his head.

Mansell was now between two masked batteries; his wife's eyes scanned him point-blank, and Deborah watched him—like a cat—out of the tail of her eye, as Sarah tested her husband.

"James dear, I have a great affection for my sister, and a true respect for Joseph Pinder, and I owe them both a debt of gratitude." James looked rather gloomy at that. "But I love you better than all the world. I can't bear to turn these faithful friends out of the house; they comforted me when I was desolate." Mansell looked dark again. "And yet I can't have you made uncomfortable for anybody. So, if my company is as welcome to you as my money, we will go to America together."

Pinder and Deborah both uttered exclamations of surprise and dismay, but Deborah's eye never left James. He was startled, but showed no reluctance. He merely said, "You don't mean that?"

"Indeed I do; but perhaps you don't want me. You would rather go back alone."

The four eyes watched.

"No," said James; "we have been parted long enough. But would you really cross the water with me?"

"As I would cross this room, if you really wanted me."

"Of course I want you, if we are not to live together here, where your friends hate me. But, Sally, if you are game to emigrate with me, why make two bites of a cherry? We must sell the shop and realize, and settle in the States for life. I've no friends here, and you'll never want to come to England again, when once you have spent a summer in New York."

Here was a poisoned arrow. Deborah clasped her hands piteously, and cried, "Oh, Sarah!"

Sarah put up one hand to her to be quiet.

"No," said she, as shortly and dryly as if she was chopping fire-wood, "I'll not fling my sister on the world, nor put all my Lucy's eggs in one basket. I will risk £400 and no more. I don't look to find the streets of New York city paved with gold. Money must be lost by one for another to make it, and the folk out there are as sharp as we are—sharper by all accounts. Many go there for wool, and come back shorn. This shop is a little haven for us, if things go wrong out there. These good friends will keep it warm for us. Now I think of it, doesn't a boat start for New York this evening?"

"This evening!" cried Pinder and Deborah in one breath.

"Ay, this very night—before affection is soured by disputes, and love is poisoned by jealousies." Then she told James to put on his hat, and bring her word when the boat started. Lucy and she would be ready; she could pack all her clothes in half an hour, with Deborah to help. Thus the greater character asserted itself at last. She had seen with a woman's readiness that the present position was untenable for a day, and she had cut the knot with all a man's promptitude. From that hour she took the lead.

Deborah was wringing her hands and crying: "Oh, what have I said? What have I done?"

Sarah said, quietly: "Time will show. Please come and help me pack: and, Joseph, put up the shutters; I trade no more this day. Ah, well, I never thought to leave home; but no matter. A wife's home is by her husband's side."

Whilst they were packing, and Deborah's tears bursting out every now and then, Sarah said to her, a little haughtily, "Well, did he stand the test?"

"Yes," said Deborah, humbly.

"Do you think he would take me to New York if there was another woman?"

"No" (very humbly).

"But see," said she, sorrowfully, "what it is to rouse mistrust. I shall sew the notes into his Sunday waistcoat, but I shall not give them to him until we are on the sea."

Deborah began to say, "And why—" but she got no further. She ended with, "I'm afraid to speak."

They got the man's Sunday waistcoat out of the drawer, and their quick fingers soon cut a deep inside pocket. Sarah took the numbers of the notes, and sewed in the notes themselves. They packed the waistcoat for the time being at the bottom of Sarah's box.

The packing was done two hours before the vessel sailed.

The whole party met again in the parlor—Pinder to bid good-by; but Mansell, to please his wife, I suppose, said, civilly: "No, no; come and see us on board. There let us part friends; the chances are you will never see us again."

These words fell like a knell on the true hearts Sarah Mansell left behind her.

Pinder and Deborah saw the Mansells go down the Mersey, and returned sadly to the house that had lost its sunshine.

That night Deborah, all in tears, begged Pinder not to leave her alone in the house. She said she could not bear to talk of anybody but Sarah; if she went out, her friends would chatter about this, that, and t'other.

Pinder was of the same mind, and gladly embraced the proposal. She gave him his choice of Lucy's room or the connubial chamber. He gave a little shudder, and chose Lucy's. He now became the master of the house and the shop, and had plenty on his hands. He taught Deborah the prices of things, and how to weigh and put up goods in paper, and that is an art; and at night he read her a journal or a book, and they talked of Sarah, and wondered and wondered what would be her fate. Deborah thought she would come back in about a year. The £400 would not last longer than that in Mansell's hands, and he would be sure to get hold of it. But Pinder thought she would not return at all. James Mansell was evidently jealous of her friends, and determined to have her all to himself.

There was a very good photograph of her—cabinet size; he took this to Ferranti, and had it enlarged, retouched, and tinted by that artist. Ferranti, who employed a superior hand to retouch these enlargements under his own eye, produced a marvel. It had the solidity and clean outline of a statue.

They had it lightly tinted, especially the eyes and hair, so as not to injure the transparency of the photograph; and there was Sarah Mansell, full size, and all but alive.

It arrived, quite finished, rather late at night, and Pinder was out; but he opened the case and took it out, and neither he nor Deborah could go to bed for gazing at it. "I never knew how beautiful she was," said Deborah. They actually sat up till two o'clock looking at this reproduction of a good and beautiful face, and they descanted on her virtues, and Deborah told incidents of her childhood, and Pinder repeated wise and sober answers from her sweet lips.

Pinder now found himself gliding from bachelor life into half matrimonial. His dinner was always ready on a clean cloth; and a comely woman, a year younger than himself, cooked it, and put on a clean apron and cap to eat with him. They supped together, too. She gave up her nightly excursions after a husband, and was always at his service, and ready to talk to him or listen to him, or both; for if he read aloud police cases, or other things in which men and women revealed their characters and the broad features of human nature, her comments were as sagacious—especially in relation to her own sex—as if she had devoted her life to the study of philosophy.

Sometimes, too, she had a look of her sister. He never expected to see Sarah any more, and, take it altogether, he was on the road which, by a gentle incline, has often led the victim of a romantic attachment to a quiet union of affection.

When they were fairly out at sea, Sarah brought James his waistcoat, and showed him how the notes were secured. "You keep them," said she, "and I keep the numbers."

Mansell's greedy eyes flashed. "Well, you are a business woman; we shall never go wrong together."

The water was like glass for eight days, but then they had a gale, and Mansell was very ill. It was calm again as they drew near the end of their voyage; but Mansell did not regain his looks. When they reached the port, he looked ill, pale, depressed, and worried.

They landed, and left their boxes in the Custom-house, and James Mansell told Sarah and Lucy to stay there, whilst he ran into a neighboring street to see whether his old lodgings—very comfortable ones—were vacant.

She called after him not to be long. "Mind, I am strange here," said she.

"He won't be long, I guess," said a civil officer standing by; then he brought two chairs.

"Thank you kindly, sir," said she. "Lucy, my dear, thank the gentleman." Lucy took the two steps her dancing-master prescribed as essential preliminaries of a courtesy, and then effected a prim reverence, "Thank you, sir."

The gentleman, a tall, gaunt citizen from Illinois, grinned, and struck a bow, with his hat in his hand, at right angles.

Sarah watched her husband take the second street to the right and disappear. Then she took out some work, not to be idle, and Lucy prattled away, all admiration. Never had this brilliant city a more appreciative critic. To be sure, she had not learned the suicidal habit of detraction, thanks to which nothing pleases us, and so we pick up nothing.

An hour passed—two hours—James did not come back. Sarah was mortified—then she was perplexed—then she was alarmed. What if he had gone drinking! He seemed exhausted by the voyage. Once this fear took possession of her, waiting there idle became intolerable to her. She begged that civil officer to put their boxes aside for a time, and she took Lucy by the hand and followed in the direction her husband had taken. But as she walked for hours before she found her treasure, I ask leave to go before her to a certain street.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MACKINAC.

READERS of Miss WOOLSON'S *Anne* will be pleased to find on page 489 a series of sketches of Mackinac, the island home of the heroine of that admirable novel. It is a striking evidence of the popularity of that story that since its appearance in *Harper's Magazine* and in book form hundreds of tourists have visited Mackinac, novel in hand, eager to trace out the localities so vividly described by the author, to whose pages we refer our readers for the poetry and romance which cling to the scenes of the picturesque island and village.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A BIG excursion boat running from this city—which will be designated in this connection as the *Life Preserver*, for the sufficient reason that that is not the boat's name—was in two collisions within the space of a few days. When a reporter went to the agent of the boat for information as to the second collision, the agent looked at him suspiciously and said, "I don't know you: who are you, anyway?"

Taking off his hat, and looking the agent frankly in the face, the reporter replied: "I'm surprised that you don't recognize me. I am the regular *Life Preserver* collision reporter of the New York —— [giving the name of his paper]. I was here last week, am here now, and shall probably be here again next week."

Somebody has discovered that Delaware enjoys an immense political advantage over most of the other States in that it can not be gerrymandered in respect to Congressional districts.

Observation concerning Bay State politics by the Manchester (New Hampshire) *Mirror*: "Down in Massachusetts, when a politician gets to be white-headed, blind, and knock-kneed, and is set aside because of these infirmities, he gathers to himself a few others of the same stamp and organizes a Young Republican Club."

They have political picnics in the West, and there is the impression of a Congressional candidate's thumb in every sandwich that is handed around.

If these collisions of excursion boats with other craft are to be continued, it might be well to build a boat with a view especially to withstanding such wear and tear, and to name it the *Aries*.

Four State editorial associations were reported on a recent day as heading toward Denver from different directions. The scenes that ensued are said to have recalled the days when the settlers on the outskirts used to gallop into the place followed by the wild whoop of the red men.

Some experienced miners have taken up a quartz claim within the limits of San Francisco, and begun a tunnel. It is claimed that the lode is over six hundred feet wide, and traceable for two miles. Assays are said to have yielded as high as twelve dollars a ton in gold and silver.

A Colorado man who tried to kill his divorced wife was promptly arrested on the charge of compounding a felony. If he should be tried for arson and acquitted of horse-stealing, the case would be noteworthy.

While Mr. Oscar Wilde seems to be fairly paid for coming from England, it must be acknowledged that Mr. Tug Wilson's has proved to be the more profitable venture.

Castle Garden furnishes perhaps as many romances as Murray Hill. A farmer recently came in from Germantown, Pennsylvania, in search of a married couple who would work for him for twenty-five dollars a month and their board. Not finding them, he offered to pay the expenses of a marriage in case such a couple could be gotten up for him to order. A young man and a young woman from Germany, strangers to each other, accepted his offer, and are now spending their honey-moon in Germantown.

Favorable reports from the potato-growing regions indicate that potatoes will not be sold in the New York market done up in tissue-paper and packed in ornamental baskets with a box of French candies and a small bottle of Extra Dry.

Small snakes about one-twelfth of an inch in length have been discovered in the proboscides of flies. It is a source of consolation to know that the fly, which makes life a burden to the human victim to which he attaches himself this season, may perish miserably ere the coming winter is over through the retributive presence of a reptile which may be even now gnawing at his vitals.

Mr. Knute Knutson, noted throughout Northern Wisconsin for the magnitude of his feet, has become popular by kicking a wolf to death. It is expected that special trains will have to be run out of Chicago on the roads leading toward the wolf regions.

The capture of one of those most elusive of creatures, a sea-serpent, is reported from Arnprior, in Canada. The serpent was killed in Chats Lake, and so was not properly a sea-serpent, but the indulgent public will not quibble over a mere technicality. A most worthy and respected resident has on several occasions caught glimpses of a serpent of "enormous size and proportions," and the dead reptile is supposed to be an off-spring of the monster. It was surprised in the act of "churning the water with its tail in its fury," and was knocked on the back with the blade of an oar. Stretched out on the rail of the boat and measured with a rule, it was found to be eleven feet long, and the body measured thirteen inches in circumference. Its horrid jaws opened six inches. It did not have a mane nor a barbed tail, nor did it carry its head several yards above the waves while ploughing the troubled waters of the lake. On the whole it is a disappointment, and better never have been brought to land.

It is said that the telegraph cables in the Indian Ocean are greatly damaged by a slender flesh-colored worm from one and a half to two and a half inches in length, which eats its way into the sheathing of hemp and gutta percha, and causes what is known as a "dead-earth" fault in the copper conducting wire. The gnawing apparatus of this creature is described as being suggestive of the cutting tools used by plumbers on steam-pipes.

A novel steamboat is afloat on the upper waters of a Canada river. It consists of two scows fastened together catamaran-fashion, on which is a threshing-machine steam-engine that turns a stern wheel. The craft is used for dredging. It is the first steamboat ever seen in that region. To persons who have never seen any other it furnishes hardly an adequate idea of the present stage of development of Fulton's invention.

It is said that a Cuban who has fought five duels to protect his sacred honor is now in jail for attempting to cheat his washer-woman out of three dollars.

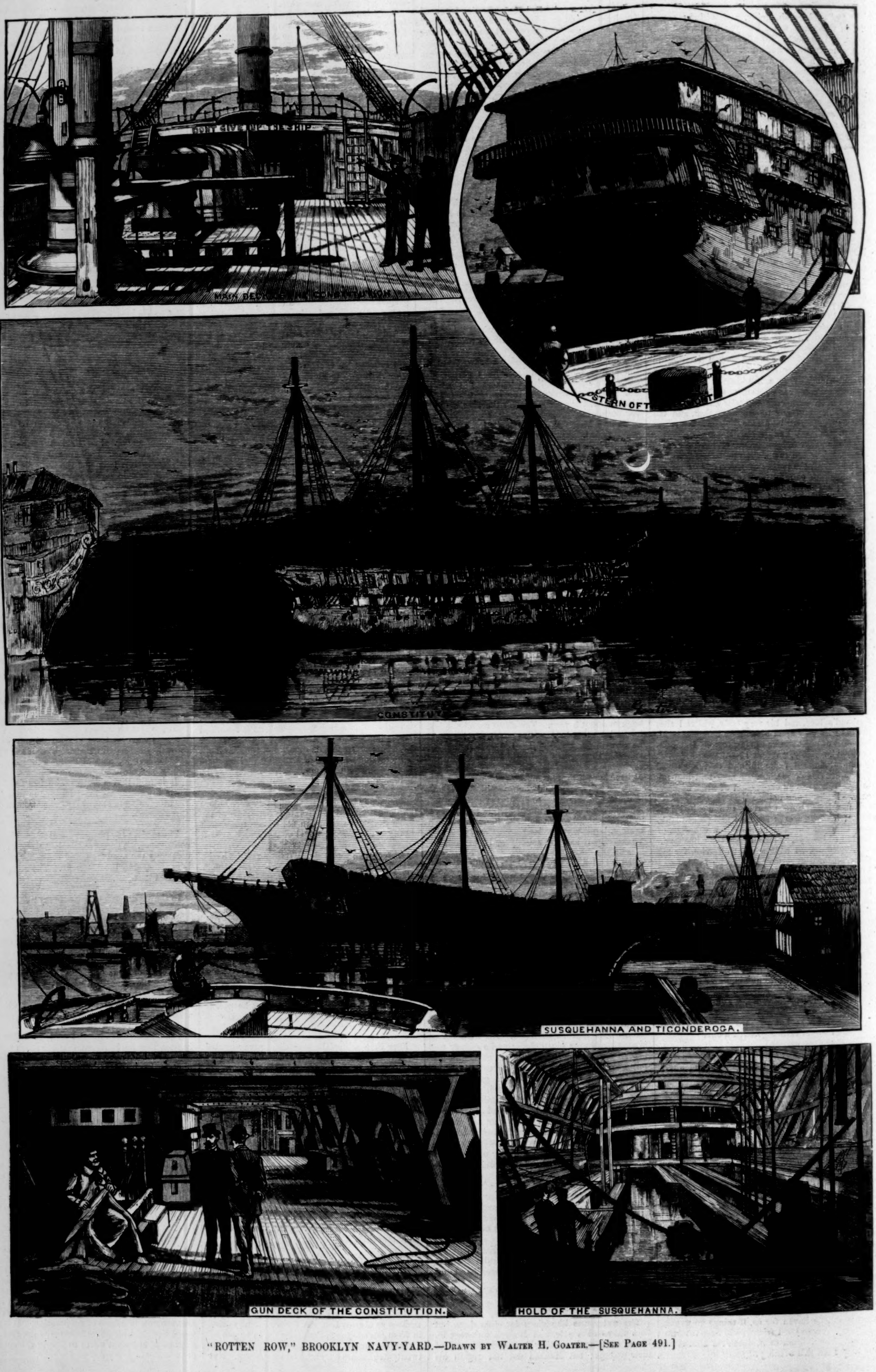
The modern toy pistol is a sort of double-acting contrivance. There are two locks, one of which occasions the discharge, and the other of which is occasioned by the discharge. The second lock is called lock-jaw.

In the prospectus of a Kentucky "college" for young women is the following:

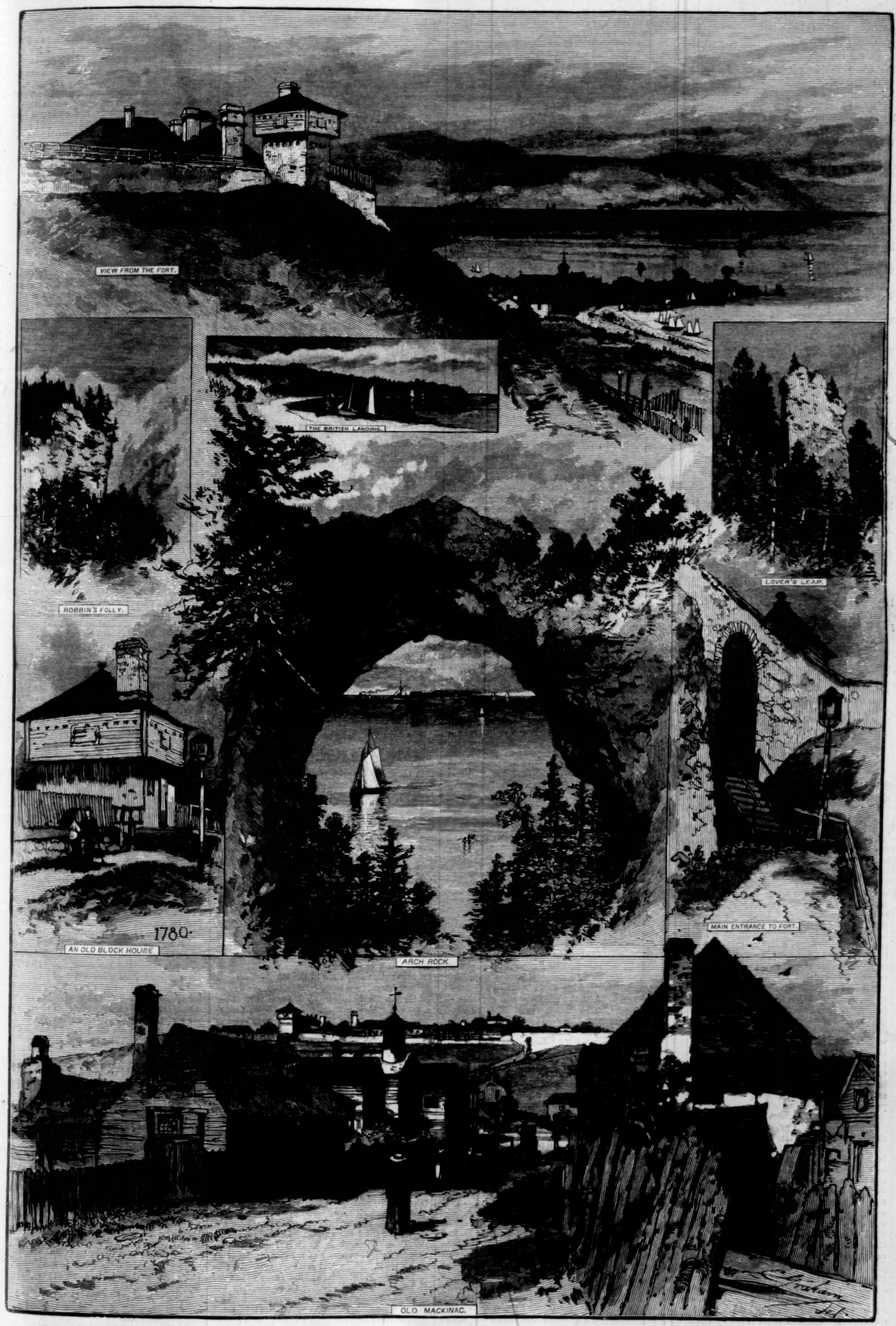
"The President is Southern by birth, by rearing, by education, and by sentiment; the teachers are all Southern in sentiment, and, with the exception of those born in Europe, were born and raised in the South. Believing the Southern to be the highest type of civilization this continent has seen, the young ladies are trained according to the Southern ideas of delicacy, refinement, womanhood, religion, and propriety; hence we offer a first-class female college for the South, and solicit Southern patronage."

The Richmond (Virginia) *State* says that this is altogether too Southern, that the south pole itself can not be more so, and the suspicion is expressed that "under it all may be hid the cloven hoof of some Yankee speculator upon the patriotism of our people, who are too apt to be caught by such tempting bait."

In a year's time, if the promises made by the projectors of a new place of amusement in this city are kept, New-Yorkers can see wax figures as good as Madame Tussaud's without going off their own island. But wax figures are only the beginning of the attractions promised at the Eden Musée Grevin, as the new museum is to be styled, which is to be modelled closely after the famous Musée Grevin in Paris. M. Charles Bal, the projector of the Paris museum, is in this city in the interest of the new project. He has secured for the company—which was recently organized in Paris with a capital of $400,000—three lots in Twenty-third Street, and the erection of suitable buildings will be begun immediately. It is promised that the interior decorations shall be artistic and elaborate. A concert hall, a garden of rare plants, and a restaurant in the Parisian style are to be among the attractions. The wax figures are now in course of preparation. It is proposed that the instructive features of the museum shall be of sufficient worth to justify the opening of its doors on every day of the year.


DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP
MAIN DECK OF THE CONSTITUTION
STERN OF T
CONSTITUTION
Goater
SUSQUEHANNA AND TICONDEROGA.
GUN DECK OF THE CONSTITUTION.
HOLD OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.

"ROTTEN ROW," BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.—Drawn by Walter H. Goater.—[See Page 491.]


VIEW FROM THE FORT.
THE BRITISH LANDING.
ROBBIN'S FOLLY.
LOVER'S LEAP.
1780.
AN OLD BLOCK HOUSE
ARCH ROCK.
MAIN ENTRANCE TO FORT.
OLD MACKINAC.
C. Graham del.

SCENES IN MACKINAC—THE ISLAND HOME OF "ANNE."—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 487.]

[*Continued from front page.*]

FARMER STEBBINS AT OCEAN GROVE.

She looked so newish-pretty there (an' knowed it too, the elf),
The crowd was all admirin' her, an' so was I myself.
An' while again I grasped the line beside my wife of truth,
My eyes *would* rove to Sister S., her beauty an' her youth;
When all at once another wave, tremendous broad an' deep,
Come smashin' down on wife an' me, an' tossed us in a heap.

Heels over head, all in a bunch, my wife across o' me,
An' I on some unlucky folks who happened there to be;
My hat untied an' floated off, an' left my bald head bare.
When we got out, if I'd ha' spoke, it would ha' warmed the air.
We drank a good part of the sea—my gaspin' wife an' I—
While Sister S., still floated soft, a-gazin' at the sky.

We voted that we'd got enough, an' crawled out of the way
Before another wave arrived, an' bid the sea good-day.
We looked as like two drownded rats as ever such was called,
With one of 'em a mighty fool, particularly bald.
But, like a woman true, she said—my watchful wife—to me,
"We will not mind: there's others here that looks as bad as we."

Now Sister Sunnyhopes, by-'n'-by, came back into our tent,
As sleek or sleeker than before, an' asked us when we went.
Says I, "My dear good Sister S., please do not now pretend
You did not see our v'yage through, an' mark its doleful end.
If you would play the mermaid fair, why, such I'd have you be;
But we're too old to take that part—my faithful wife an' me."

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1327.]

KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "ORLEY FARM," "THE WARDEN," "IS HE POPENJOY?" "MARION FAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—(*Continued.*)

TO WHAT A PUNISHMENT.

MR. WESTERN could not endure to hear the catalogue of his wife's charms set forth to him. He did not want to be told by his lawyer that she was "handsome," and "one in a thousand." In that respect their quarrel made no difference. No gentleman wishes another to assure him that his wife is one in a thousand. An old mother might say so, or an old aunt; hardly any one less near and less intimate could be allowed to do so. Mr. Western was aware that no man in the ordinary course of events would be less likely to offend in that way than Mr. Graham. But in this case Mr. Graham should not, he thought, have done it. He had come to Mr. Graham about money, and not about his wife's beauty. "I hardly think we need discuss that," he said, still with a heavy frown on his brow. "Perhaps you will think over what I have said to you, and name a sum to-morrow."

"At the risk of making you angry, I have to speak," continued Mr. Graham. "I knew your father, and have known you all your life. If this is to make her miserable, and if, as I gather, she has committed no great fault, will it not be—wicked?" Mr. Graham sat silent for a few moments, looking him in the face. "Have you consulted your own conscience, and what it will say to you after a time? She has given all that she has to you, though there has not been a shilling, and no money can repay her. One fault is not pardonable—one only fault."

"No, no. I do not accuse her."

"Nor dream that she is guilty, if I understand the matter rightly."

"No, I do not. But I did not come here to be interrogated about her after this fashion, nor to be told that I am wicked. For what sins I commit I must be myself responsible. I am unable—at any rate unwilling—to tell you the circumstances, and must leave you to draw your own conclusions. If you will think over the matter, and will name a sum, I shall be obliged to you." Then he was about to leave the chamber, but Mr. Graham interposed himself between his client and the door.

"Pray excuse me, Mr. Western. I know that you are angry, but pray excuse me. I should ill do my duty to an old client whom I respect did I not dare, as being older than he is, to give the advice which as a by-stander I think that he requires." Mr. Western stood perfectly silent before him, but clearly showing his wrath by the frown upon his brow. "I venture to say that you are taking upon yourself as a husband to do that which the world will not pardon."

"I care nothing for the world."

"Pardon me. You will care for it when you come to consider that its decision has been just. When you have to reflect that you have ruined forever the happiness of a woman whom you have sworn to love and protect, and that you have cast her from you for some reason which you can not declare, and which is not held to justify such usage, then you will regard what the world says. You will regard it because your own conscience will say the same. If I mistake not, you still love her."

"I am not here to discuss such points," said Mr. Western, angrily.

"Think of the severity of the punishment which you are inflicting upon one whom you love, and of the effect it must have on her feelings. I tell you that you have no right to do this—unless she have been guilty as you confess she has not." Then he seated himself in his arm-chair, and Mr. Western left the chamber without saying another word.

He went out into Lincoln's Inn, and walked westward toward his club, hardly knowing in his confusion whither he was going. At first his breast was hot with anger against Mr. Graham. The man had called him wicked and cruel, and had known nothing of the circumstances. Could it be wicked, could it be cruel, for him to resent such treachery as that of which he had been the victim? All his holiest hopes had been used against him for the vilest purposes and with the most fell effect! He at any rate had been ruined forever. And the man had told him about the world! What did he in his misery care for the world's judgment? Cecilia had married him—and in marrying him had torn his heart asunder. This man had accused him of cruelty in leaving her. But how could he have continued to live with her without hypocrisy? Cruel indeed! What were her sufferings to his—hers, who had condescended to the level of Sir Francis Geraldine, and had trafficked with such a one as that as to the affairs of their joint happiness! To such a woman it was not given to suffer. Yes, she was beautiful, and she looked as a lady should look. Mr. Graham had been right enough in that. But he had not known how looks may deceive, how noble to the eye may be the face of a woman while her heart within is ignoble, paltry, and mean. But as he went on with his walk, by degrees he came to forget Mr. Graham, and to think of the misery which was in store for himself. And though at the moment he despised Mr. Graham, his thoughts did occupy themselves exactly with those perils of which Mr. Graham had spoken. The woman had trusted herself to his care, and had given him her beauty and her solicitude. He did in his heart believe that she loved him. He remembered the last words of her letter—"Oh, George, if you knew how I loved you!" He did not doubt but that those words were true. He did not suppose that she had ever given her heart to Sir Francis Geraldine, that she had truly and sincerely devoted herself to one so mean as that. Such heart as she had to give had been given to himself. But there had been traffic of marriage with this man, and even continued correspondence and an understanding as to things which had put her, with all her loveliness, on a level with him rather than with her existing husband. What this understanding was, he did not, he said, care to inquire. It had existed and still did exist. That was enough to make him know that she was untrue to him as his wife—untrue in spirit if not in body. But in truth he did care to know. It was, indeed, because he had not known, because he had been allowed only to guess and search and think about it, that all this misery had come. He had been kept in the dark, and to be kept in the dark was to him, of all troubles, the most grievous. When he had first received the letter from Sir Francis, he had not believed it to be true. From first to last it had been a fiction. But when once his wife had told him that the engagement had existed, he believed all. It was as though she had owned to him the circumstance of a still existing intimate friendship. He had been kept in the dark, but he did not know how far.

But still there loomed to him as to the future, vaguely, the idea that by the deed he was doing now, at this present moment, he was sacrificing her happiness and his own forever—as regarded this world. And the people would say that he had done so—the people whose voices he could not but regard. She would say so, and her mother, and he must acknowledge it. And Lady Grant would know that it had been so, and Mr. Graham would always think so to the end. And his heart became tender even toward her. What would be her fate—as his wife, and therefore debarred from the prospects of any other future? She would live with her mother as any widow would live—with much less of hope, with less chance of enjoying her life, than would any other widow. And when her mother should die, she would be all alone. To what a punishment was he not dooming her!

If he could die himself, it would be well for all parties. He had taken his great step in life, and had failed. Why should he doom her, who was differently constituted, to similar failure? It had been a great mistake. He had made it, and now there was no escape. But then again his pity for himself welled up in his heart. Why had he been so allured, so deceived, so cozened? He had intended to have given all good things. The very essence of his own being he had bestowed upon her, while she, the moment that his back was turned, was corresponding with Sir Francis Geraldine! That thought he could not stand. She, in truth, had been greatly in error in her first view of the character of Sir Francis Geraldine; but it must be a question whether he was not so also. The baronet was a poor creature, but not probably so utterly vile as he thought him. As he turned it all over in his mind, while wandering to and fro, he came to the conclusion that Mr. Graham was wrong, and that it was impossible that she who had been the sharer of the thoughts of Sir Francis Geraldine should now remain to share his.

CHAPTER XV.

ONCE MORE AT EXETER.

THREE weeks had passed, and much had been done for Mrs. Western to fix her fate in life. It was now August, and she was already living at Exeter as a wife separated from her husband. Of much she had had to think and much to determine before she had found that haven of rest. Twice during the time she had received letters from her husband, but each letter had been short, and though not absolutely without affection in its language, each letter had been absolutely obdurate. He had been made quite sure that it was not for the benefit of either of them that they should attempt to live together. Having come to that decision, which he represented as unchangeable, he was willing, he said, to do anything which she might demand for her future satisfaction and comfort. "There is nothing you can do," she had said when she had written last, "as you have refused to do your duty." This had made him again angry. "What right had she to talk to me of my duty, seeing that she has so grossly neglected her own?" he said to himself. Then he had suddenly gone from England, leaving no address even with his sister or with his lawyer. But during this time his mind was not quiet for one instant. How could she have treated him so, him who had been so absolutely devoted to her, who had so entirely given himself up to her happiness?

Lady Grant, when she had heard what was to be done, had hurried up to London, but had not found them. She had gone to Exeter, and there she had in vain endeavored to comfort Cecilia. She had declared that her brother would in time forgive. But Cecilia's whole nature had by this time apparently been changed. "Forgive!" she had said. "What will he forgive? There is nothing that he can forgive; nothing that can be spoken of in the same breath with his perfidy and cruelty. Can I forgive? Ask yourself that, Lady Grant. Is it possible that I should forgive?" After two days spent in conversations such as these, Lady Grant went back to town, and discussed the matter with Mr. Graham. They did not at present know her brother's address; but still there was a hope that she might induce him to hear reason and again to consent to live with his wife. "Of all men," she said to the lawyer, "he is the most honest and the most affectionate; but of all men the most self-willed and obstinate. An injustice is with him like a running sore; and, alas, it is not always an injustice, but a something that he has believed to be unjust."

Cecilia had written at great length to her mother, telling her, with all details, the story as it was to be told, and sparing herself in nothing. "That wicked man has contrived it all. But, oh! that such a one as my husband should have been weak enough to have fallen into a pit so prepared!" Then Mrs. Holt had come up to town, and taken her daughter back with her to Exeter. Now, at last, on this occasion the old woman was both energetic and passionate. There had been much discussion before they had both decided that they would again venture to live together among their old friends in their old home. But here Cecilia had shown herself to be once again stronger than her mother. "Why not?" she said. "What have I done to make it necessary that you should be torn away from your house? I am not at all ashamed of what I have done." In this she had blazoned forth her courage with almost a false conviction. She knew that she had done wrong; that she had done that of which among wives she ought to be ashamed. But her sin had been so small in comparison with the punishment inflicted upon her that it sunk to nothing even in her own eyes. She felt that she had been barbarously used. The people of Exeter, or the people of the world at large, might sympathize with her or not as they pleased. But under such a mountain of wrong as she had endured she would not show by any conduct of her own that she could have in the least deserved it. "No, mamma," she said; "let them stay away or let them come, I shall be ready for either. I am a poor wretched woman, whom to crush utterly has been within the power of the man she has loved. He has chosen to exercise it, and I must suffer. But he shall not make me ashamed. I have done nothing to deserve his cruelty."

And then, when she had been at Exeter but a few days, there came another source of trouble—though not of unmitigated trouble. She told her mother that in due course of time her cruel husband would become the father of a child. She would not write to him. He had not chosen to let her know his address; nor was it fitting to her feelings to communicate such a fact in a letter which she must address secretly to his banker or to his club. Yet the fact was of such a nature that it was imperative that he should know it. At last it was told by Mrs. Holt to Lady Grant. Cecilia had herself attempted it, but had found that she could not do it. She could not write the letter without some word of tenderness, and she was resolved that no word of tenderness should go from her to him. It would seem as though she were asking for mercy, and were putting forward the coming of the little stranger as a plea for it. She would ask for no mercy. She had appealed to his love, and had appealed in vain. If he were hard, she would be so too. In her heart of hearts she probably entertained the idea of some possible future in which she might yet put the child into its father's arms; but it should be done not at her request. It should be at his prayer. At least there was this comfort to her, that she no longer dreaded his power. He had so contrived that to her thinking the fault was altogether on his side. Forgive! Oh yes; she would forgive! Oh yes; she would forgive, so readily, so sweetly, with the full determination that it should all be like a black nightmare that had come between them and troubled their joys. But in the bottom of the heart of each it must be understood that it had been hers to pardon, and his to be pardoned. Or if not so, then she must continue to live her widowed life at Exeter.

Mrs. Holt was energetic and passionate rather than discreet. She would not admit that her child had done any wrong, and could not be got to understand but that the law should make a husband live with his wife in the proper way. It was monstrous, to her thinking, that her daughter should be married and taken away, and then sent back, without any offense on her part. In the resentment which she felt against Mr. Western she filled quite a new part among the people of Exeter. "Oh, mamma, you are so loving, so good," said her daughter; "but do not let us talk about it. Can not you understand that, angry as I am, I can not endure to have him abused?" "Abused!" said Mrs. Holt, kindling in her wrath. "I can not hold myself without abusing him." But it very soon did come to pass that Mr. Western's name was not mentioned between them. Mrs. Holt would now and again clinch her fist and shake her head, and Cecilia knew that in her thoughts she was executing some vengeance against Mr. Western; but there was a truce to spoken words. Cecilia, indeed, often executed her vengeance against her husband after some fashion of her own, but her mother did not perceive it.

Among their Exeter friends there soon came to be an actual breach with Miss Altifiorla. Miss Altifiorla, as soon as it was known that Mrs. Western had re-appeared in Exeter, had rushed down to greet her friend. There she had been received coldly by Cecilia, and more than coldly by Cecilia's mother. "My dear Cecilia," she had said, attempting to take hold of her friend's hand, "I told you what would come of it."

"There need be nothing said about it," said Mrs. Western.

"Not after the first occasion," said Miss Altifiorla. "A few words between us to show that each understands the other will be expedient."

"I do not see that any words can be of service," said Mrs. Western.

"Not in the least," said Mrs. Holt. "Why need anything be said? You know that she has been cruelly ill-used, and that is all you need know."

"I do know the whole history of it," said Miss Altifiorla, who had taken great pride to herself among the people of Exeter in being the best-informed person there as to Mrs. Western's sad affairs. "I was present up to the moment, and I must say that if Cecilia had then taken my advice, things would have been very different. I am not blaming her."

"I should hope not," said Mrs. Holt.

"But things would have been very different. Cecilia was a little timid at telling her husband the truth. And Mr. Western was like other gentlemen. He did not like to be kept in the dark by his wife. You see that Cecilia has given mortal cause for offense to two gentlemen."

This was not to be endured. Cecilia did not exactly know all the facts as they had occurred—between Miss Altifiorla and Sir Francis—and certainly knew none of those which were now in process of occurring, but she strongly suspected that something had taken place, that some conversation had been held, between her friend and Sir Francis Geraldine. She had been allowed to read the letter from Sir Francis to her husband, and she remembered well the meaning of it. But she could not remember the terms which he had used. She had, however, thought that something which had passed between himself and Miss Altifiorla had been the immediate cause of the writing of that letter. She did think that Miss Altifiorla had, as it were, gone over to the enemy. That she had been prepared to pardon. The enemy had in fact told no falsehood in his letter. It had been her misfortune that the story which he had told had been true, and her further misfortune that her husband should have believed so much more than the truth. For all that she did not hold Miss Altifiorla to be responsible. But when she was told that she had given cause for mortal offense to two gentlemen, there was something in the phrase which greatly aggravated her anger. It was as though this would-be friend was turning against her for her conduct toward Sir Francis. And she was just as angry that the friend should turn against her for her conduct to her husband. "Miss Altifiorla," she said, "I must request that there be no further conversation between us in reference to the difference between me and my husband."

"Miss Altifiorla!" said the lady. "Is it to come to that, Cecilia—between you and me, who have enjoyed so much sweet friendship?"

"Certainly, if you make yourself so offensive," said Mrs. Holt.

"It is the only mode by which I can show that I am in earnest," said Cecilia. "If it does not succeed, I must declare that I shall be unwilling to meet you at all. I told you to be silent, and you would not."

"Oh, very well! If you like to quarrel, it will quite suit me. But in your present condition I hardly think that you are wise in throwing off your old friends. It is just the time when you ought to cling to those who would be true to you."

This was more than Cecilia could bear. "I shall cling to those who are true to me," she said, leaving the room.

"Oh, very well! Then I shall know how to conduct myself." This was addressed to Mrs. Holt.

"I hope you will conduct yourself, as you call it, somewhere away from here. You're very fond of meddling, that's the truth; and Cecilia in her present condition does not want to be meddled with. Oh yes, you can go away as soon as ever you please." Thereupon Miss Altifiorla left the room and withdrew.

It must be explained that this lady, since she was last upon the scene, had learned to entertain new hopes, very exalted in their nature. It had first occurred to her during those ten minutes at the Paddington railway station that it might possibly be so if she played her cards well. And then how glorious would be the result! Sir Francis Geraldine had squeezed her hand. If he might be made to go on squeezing her hand sufficiently, how great might be the effect produced! Lady Geraldine! How beautiful was the sound! She thought that within all the bounds of the English peerage—and she knew that those bounds included the baronets—there was no sweeter, no more glorious, no more aristocratic, appellation. Lady Geraldine! What a change, what a blissful change, would that be! When she thought of the chill of her present life, of its want of interest, of its insipid loneliness, and then told herself what might be in store for her should she live to become Lady Geraldine, she declared to herself that even though the chance might be very small, the greatness of the reward, if gained, would justify the effort. Lady Geraldine! And she saw no reason why her chance should be so very small. She had a cousin with a pedigree longer than even that of Sir Francis, Count Altifiorla, who, indeed, had no money, but was a genuine Count. She herself had a nice little sum of money, quite enough to be agreeable to a gentleman who might be somewhat out of elbows from the effects of Newmarket. And she did not think too little of her own personal appearance. She knew that she had a good wearing complexion, and that her features were of that sort which did not yield very readily to the hand of time. There were none of the endearing dimples of early youth, none of the special brightness of English feminine loveliness, none of the fresh tints of sweet girlhood; but Miss Altifiorla boasted to herself that she would look the British aristocratic matron very well. She certainly had not that Juno beauty which Cecilia Holt could boast, that beauty which could be so severe to all chance comers, but which could melt at once and become soft and sweet and easy to one favored individual. Miss Altifiorla acknowledged to herself that it was her nature always to remain outwardly the same to all men. But then dress and diamonds, and all the applied paraphernalia of aristocracy would, she felt, go far with her. If Sir Francis could be once got to admire her, she was sure that Sir Francis would never be driven to repent of his bargain from any falling off on her part. She thought that she would know how to be the master; but this would be an after-consideration, and one as to which she need not at present pay especial attention. Sir Francis had squeezed her hand most affectionately, and there had been a subsequent meeting at Exeter, where he had staid a couple of hours as he went through to his own property. And she was sure that he had staid for the purpose of meeting her. Since that affair with Cecilia Holt he had not been made warmly welcome at the Deanery. Yet he had staid, and had absolutely called upon Miss Altifiorla. He had found her, and had discussed Mr. and Mrs. Western with much sarcastic humor. "Now you haven't!" Miss Altifiorla had said, when he told her of the letter he had written. "How could you be so hard upon the poor man?" "Perhaps the lady may think that I have been hard upon her," Sir Francis had replied. "Perhaps she will know the meaning of tit for tat. Perhaps she will understand now that one good turn deserves another. It was not that I cared so much for her," he said. "I'd got to feel that she was far too virtuous for me—too stuck up, you'll understand. I wasn't at all disappointed when she played me that trick. She didn't turn out the sort of girl that I had taken her for. I knew that I had had an escape. But, nevertheless, tit for tat is fair on both sides. She played me a trick, and now I've played her one, and we are even. We can each go to work again. She began a little too soon, perhaps, for her own comfort; but that's her affair, and not mine."

In answer to all this, Miss Altifiorla had only laughed and smiled, and declared that Cecilia had been served right, though she thought—she said that she thought—that Sir Francis had been almost too hard. "That's my way of doing business," he had added. "If any one wants me to run straight, they must begin by running straight themselves. I can be as sweet as new milk if I'm well treated." Then there had been a moment in which Miss Altifiorla had almost expected that he was going to do something preparatory to declaring himself. She was convinced that he was about to kiss her; but at the very moment at which the event had been expected, Mrs. Green had been announced, and the kiss did not, alas! come off. She could hardly bring herself to be civil to Mrs. Green when Sir Francis declared that he must go to the station.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COLONEL JOHN C. HAMILTON.

Colonel Hamilton, whose portrait we give on page 493, was little known to the general public. He never held a civil office, although he was once an unsuccessful candidate for Congress, and his military title was acquired during a short term of service as aide to General Harrison in the war of 1812. He took, however, an active interest in politics, first as a Federalist, then as a Whig, and in later years as a Republican. Colonel Hamilton was one of the founders of the Union League Club of this city, and until recently was one of the most active of its members.

He was born in Philadelphia in 1792, when his father, Alexander Hamilton, held office as the first Secretary of the Treasury. He graduated at Columbia College in 1809, studied law, and was admitted to the bar; but placed in affluent circumstances by marriage with a lady of fortune, he soon relinquished the active practice of his profession. Colonel Hamilton's literary productions comprise an edition of his father's writings, in seven octavo volumes, the *Memoirs of Alexander Hamilton*, and a *History of the Republic of the United States as Traced in the Writings of Alexander Hamilton and his Contemporaries*. His admiration for his father's character was intense and absorbing. A few months ago he presented this city with a statue of the great statesman, which was placed in Central Park. A younger brother of Colonel Hamilton survives him.

"ROTTEN ROW," BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.

No portion of the Brooklyn Navy-yard is of more general and historic interest than "Rotten Row," that part of Wallabout Creek just off the "Cob" Dock, where are laid up in ordinary those war vessels which for one reason or another have been condemned and retired from active service. The poor old hulks, some of them without masts, others showing only bare lower masts, and a few remnants of standing rigging, and none of them flying the flag of the country they have served so faithfully, present pathetic pictures of old age and decay. If the visitor should see them on a still moonlight night, when all about them is silent save for the measured foot-fall of the pacing sentry, when their open ports stare like sightless eyes, and when their gaunt and ragged outlines are softened into indistinctness, he could easily fancy them the ghosts of the old navy. He could easily in imagination reconstruct their former glory, hear the wind singing through the taut rigging, and see the bellying canvas rising cloud upon cloud until lost in the upper air. Once more would the voice of the gallant Hull ring over the quarter-deck of the *Constitution;* the escaping steam of the *Susquehanna* strike terror into the hearts of the simple Japanese fishermen; the *Vermont*, under towering canvas, skim the Atlantic, and leave far behind her steam competitors in the race; and again would he hear the ringing chorus of the *Ticonderoga's* crew singing their "Homeward Bound," as she steamed out of the harbor of Rio Janiero, saluted by the British ships as she passed. But his reverie would be dispelled by the sharp challenge of the sentry, and he would find only the battered hulks softly swaying at their moorings, and silently fighting their losing battle with decay in the sluggish waters.

Of the four ships mentioned, the grand old *Constitution* is of course the most important, and is alone worth a visit to "Rotten Row." What national monument is better known or more venerated by the American people than the battered hull of "Old Ironsides"? What school-boy's heart has not thrilled with a higher purpose as he recited Holmes's heroic strain, beginning

> "Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
> Long has it waved on high;
> And many an eye has danced to see
> That banner in the sky."

The *Constitution* was built in Boston, her keel being laid in 1794 at Hart's ship-yard, on the ground now occupied by Constitution Wharf. She was the third ship of war built by the United States, and is now the oldest vessel in our navy. Her first commander was Captain James Nicholson, and the first act of her glorious record was her bombardment of Tripoli in 1804, where as Commodore Preble's flag-ship and under command of Decatur she taught the insolent pirates of the Barbary States that a new power had sprung up in the West that was not to be insulted with impunity. Her most notable victories were on the 19th of August, 1812, when with her Captain Isaac Hull captured the British frigate *Guerrière*, and when under Captain William Bainbridge she captured the *Java*, also a British frigate, on December 29 of the same year. After the war of 1812 the *Constitution* was used as a training-ship, and during the war of the rebellion was nearly captured by the Confederate forces at Annapolis, but was saved by General Butler and a body of Massachusetts Volunteers. She was refitted for exhibition at the Centennial in 1876, and was used to carry American exhibits to the Paris Exposition in 1878. Two years ago she was at anchor off the Brooklyn Navy-yard for several weeks, and was visited by throngs of people. On the 14th of December, 1881, she went out of commission for the last time, and now awaits her fate. Her timbers are as sound today as when she was launched, and her comparatively recent refittings give her so juvenile an appearance that at first sight the visitor is inclined to doubt that she is really *the* old *Constitution*. On the front of her quarter-deck house are deeply cut the immortal words of the dying Lawrence: "Don't give up the ship!" Among her many old-fashioned appointments it looks queer to see modern steam radiators arranged for heating her ward-room and steerage. She is now leaking badly, and water at the rate of forty inches per week is pumped from her.

The *Vermont*, one of the old line-of-battle ships, belonging to the same class as the *Ohio*, *New Hampshire*, *Virginia*, *North Carolina*, and others, which as receiving-ships are such familiar sights in the several navy-yards of the country, is a fine specimen of a style of marine architecture once popular the world over, but now passed away. She was built in Boston, where her keel was laid in 1818, but she was not launched until 1848. Though short and heavy in appearance, she, like many of her class, developed remarkable speed, and when, in 1864, she was ordered to New York from Beaufort, South Carolina, where she had formed one of the blockading squadron, she completely distanced her steam consorts. She has been for many years the receiving-ship of the Brooklyn Navy-yard, and has a regular house built over the entire length of her spar-deck, transforming it into a great hall.

The most melancholy of the hulks of "Rotten Row" is the *Susquehanna*, dismantled of everything, having neither masts nor machinery, her planking falling from her gaunt ribs, the oakum hanging in ragged strips from her seams, and evidently near the end of her long fight with decay. She was built in Philadelphia in 1841, and was a side-wheel steamer of a class of which the *Powhatan* is the only survivor. In 1853–54 she formed one of the two steamers, the *Mississippi* being the other, of the squadron with which Commodore Perry so impressed the Japanese that they consented to form a treaty with the United States. She was in active service during the late war, and was laid aside to slowly rot to pieces in 1868, soon after bringing home from St. Thomas the body of Rear-Admiral Palmer, who died on board of her.

The last of the quartette, the *Ticonderoga*, or the "old *Ti*," as her men loved to call her, is to all appearances too good to be laid aside, and looks fully as seaworthy as the majority of American naval ships now afloat. She is a screw-steamer, vastly more modern in appearance than her companions in misfortune, and was built at the Brooklyn Navy-yard in 1862. Her most notable service was the two years' trip around the world on which she carried Commodore Shufeldt three years ago. The trip was undertaken for the purpose of opening new foreign ports to American commerce. It was ended last August, since which time the "old *Ti*" has been keeping the melancholy company of "Rotten Row."

GEORGE PERKINS MARSH.

On page 493 will be found the portrait of our late Minister to Italy, who died suddenly at Vallombrosa on the 24th of July. Mr. Marsh was born at Woodstock, Vermont, on the 17th of March, 1801. He was educated at Dartmouth College, where he graduated in 1820, was admitted to the bar at Burlington, and settled there in the practice of his profession. He soon entered public life, and in 1842 was elected to Congress, holding his seat till 1849, when President Taylor appointed him Minister to Turkey. Mr. Marsh remained in that position four years, and was then sent on a special mission to Greece.

Soon after his return to this country, Mr. Marsh published a volume on the camel, with reference to the introduction of that animal into the United States, and also delivered at Columbia College a series of lectures on the English language. In 1861, President Lincoln appointed him Minister to Italy, a position which he held until the time of his death.

HOW THE CHILDREN DIE.

At this season of the year, when "every one is out of town," it so happens that from seven hundred to eleven hundred people manage to die each week within the limits of New York city, and their departure is chronicled, not in the "fashionable resort" column of the daily papers, but on the records of the Board of Health. Of these, considerably more than half are children under five years of age, and of the latter more than half, again, die of diarrhœal diseases. These facts are intimately connected with the state of the weather, and the daily records of the thermometer afford a curious study when taken in connection with the daily records of "mortality," as the grim statisticians of the Health Board term them. The changes in the mercury, languidly glanced at, idly compared, and feebly discussed on the verandas of Saratoga or Newport, suggest to the readers of them only a mild congratulation that the city is far away. To the little children in the narrow streets and sun-baked tenements they mean the greater or less violence of deadly disease, the less or greater chances in the fight for life. At the risk of suggesting unpleasant thoughts—as disagreeable as they are inevitable—a brief study of the figures for the first three weeks in July of this year and of last is herewith submitted.

In 1881 the temperature of those three weeks was relatively even. The average was but 73° for the first two, and 72½° for the third, and the highest point was only once above 90°, and only six times above 80°. But the heated term began early, and the system of nearly every human dweller in the town had become enervated, so that it happened that the total deaths were 1144 for the first week of July, 990 for the second, and 965 for the third. The deaths of children under five for the corresponding periods were 779, or 67 per cent. of the total, 624, or 63 per cent., and 563, or 56 per cent. The deaths from diarrhœal diseases among children under five were 422, or 54 per cent. of the total deaths at that age, 342, or 55 per cent., and 304, or 52 per cent., for the three weeks respectively. Thus it will be seen that the continuance of milder heat had its direct and relatively beneficial effect; not only fewer children under five perished, but the proportion succumbing to diseases immediately due to the weather likewise decreased. This year the story is different in details, but teaches nearly the same lesson. The extremely hot weather began later. The average for the first week in July was only 69°; for the second week it reached 79°; for the third it was 77°. But the days on which the heat was intense were much more numerous in the second and third week than in the first, or than in the corresponding weeks of 1881. On six days in the second and third weeks the mercury went to 90° or above; on one day it touched 92°, another 94°, still a third 96°. From the 9th to the 15th it was at its highest, never below 86°; from the 16th to the 22d the maximum was below 87° but once, and then it was 82°. The total deaths, which were only 695 in the first week, rose to 1084 in the second, and were 1016 in the third. The deaths of children under five were 368 in the first week, or 51 per cent., 690, or 64 per cent., in the second, and 638, or 63 per cent., in the third. The proportion of deaths from diarrhœal diseases among children under five was 154, or only 42 per cent., the first week, 371, or 54 per cent., in the second, and 355, or 56 per cent., in the third. It will be seen that the proportion of deaths under five is smaller than last year; the proportion of deaths from diarrhœal diseases is about the same.

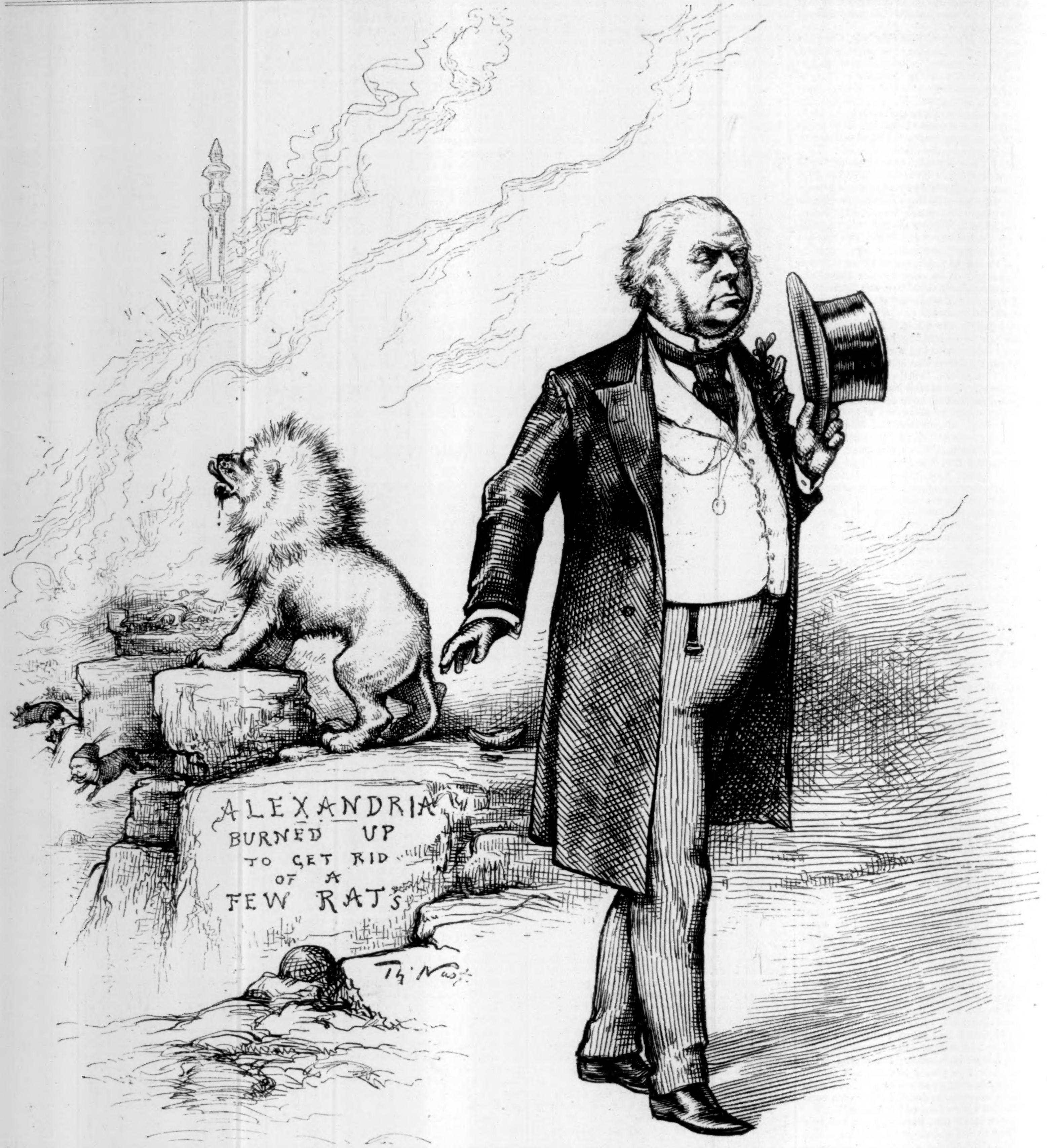
The minor differences are sufficiently interesting, as showing the close correspondence between the variations of the heat and the peril which the children encounter. But the general reader, even the most careless, must be struck by the terrible relative mortality among the children. It is a common remark, and one that dulls the impulse to charity only too often, that the children one sees tumbling about the streets in the tenement-house districts appear healthier than those one sees in Madison Square or Central Park. And this is true; but it must not be forgotten, what these statistics prove, that this is due to the fact that in the struggle for existence the weaker have been struck down, and only the exceptionally hardy survive. The proportion of children under five to the entire population is not more than 17 per cent.; the proportion of deaths among them is from 51 per cent. to 67 per cent.; that is to say, from three to four times as many of them die relatively as of all other ages. During the hot days of the second and third weeks of July the deaths of these little creatures from diarrhœal diseases alone were more than 31 per cent. of the total deaths in the city.

The picture which these relentless figures present would be terrible if the facts were unavoidable. But they are not. Proper care of the tenement-houses, either by the authorities or by well-organized and energetic charitable effort, would save at least one-third of the little ones who are now sacrificed every summer. Much is already done, but the field is scarcely touched. A goodly reward awaits those who will enter upon it; a terrible responsibility rests upon the great city if it be neglected.

THE EGYPTIAN AS A SOLDIER.

A not unimportant element in the consideration of the Egyptian question is the value of the Arab as fighting material. Of the courage of the wretches who beat out the brains of so many Europeans caught by surprise and unarmed in the late Alexandria riots, one may judge by an incident which took place in the course of them. On the great square of Alexandria some two hundred of these patriotic protesters against the rule of the foreigner were engaged in hunting Europeans, when four attendants of the tribunal rushed out of their sanctuary with drawn swords, and the whole two hundred took to precipitate flight, leaving the square empty of all but the dead and wounded, and the four messengers of justice. Without some firm assurance of the support of mustafiz or nizam, it is quite certain that none of the rabble would ever have dared to raise a hand against a foreigner. A kourbash is quite enough for the courage of the Egyptian on any ordinary occasion. As a soldier the bloody régime of Mehemet Ali has given him a prestige which, like the "scent of the roses," lingers long after the organization is shattered. It is true that once Egyptian soldiers defeated Turkish; but the latter were in a much lower state of discipline than now, while the former were ruled with a vigor of which the following incident, related by a veteran who remembered Mehemet Ali, will give an example: A milk-woman came to the Pasha one day complaining that one of his soldiers had robbed her of the milk she was bringing to camp. The soldier was identified, and denied having taken the milk. "What did he do with it?" asked the Pasha. "Drank it," was the reply. At a sign the man's head was off his body, and his stomach, being opened, was found full of milk. "Go," said the Pasha to the horrified milk-woman, paying her the value of her milk; "but if he had not taken it, your head would have paid for it."

Needless to say, this Draconian rule has long passed away, and the Egyptian soldier of to-day is perhaps the most cowardly and degraded regular in existence. In the late Russo-Turkish war they could not be brought to face fire, and were kept in reserve for dépôt duty. In the Cretan insurrection of 1866, the Viceroy's guard was sent to the island to aid in the subjugation of the Christians, but on the first encounter 4000 of them, attacked in an intrenched position by about 1500 ill-armed Cretans, were driven into their intrenchments, their access to the water sources was cut off, and they surrendered unconditionally after the defeat of another division, which marched to their relief, the total being 8000 men, with artillery, and considered the best troops in the Egyptian army. In a subsequent affair, under Mehmet Kiritly Pasha, when the Egyptians were to cover the retreat of the main army, they broke and fled precipitately at the first attack of the insurgents, and squads of them, lost in the complicated by-ways and broken ground of the pass of Krapi, threw down their arms, and were butchered without resistance by the Cretans. At the assault of the Convent of Arkadi, the only use the Egyptians could be put to was to be put in front with the bayonets of the Turkish regulars behind them, and no alternative of safety. They were in this way driven into the breach, covering the Turks by their bodies. This was the testimony of one of the Italian officers in command of them, and nothing was more common than for the Cretans to send an Egyptian prisoner away contemptuously, saying that it was like butchering sheep to kill the Egyptians. They are capable only of the simplest evolutions, and their officers know little more of the science of war than the privates.


ALEXANDRIA BURNED UP TO GET RID OF A FEW RATS
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ONE BRIGHT LIGHT ON A DARK SUBJECT.

John Bright, referring to his resignation, stated that he had nothing to explain or defend. The sole reason of his retirement was that he could not concur in the Government's Egyptian policy. For forty years he had held and taught a doctrine that he still believed, and he could not consistently approve the proceedings at Alexandria. He believed that the moral law applied to nations as well as to individuals, and that the proceedings which he disapproved were a violation thereof, and of international law!

THE METROPOLITAN NINE.

The game of base-ball, so generally known in this country as "the national game," after languishing for a few years, has suddenly, within the past three years, taken a new lease of life, and this season the announcement of a game between crack clubs will attract a larger attendance of spectators than that of almost any other out-door sport. The average daily attendance at the Manhattan Polo Grounds, One-hundred-and-tenth Street and Fifth Avenue, in this city, where games of base-ball are played on every fair day during the season, is 2500, and frequently the seating capacity of the grand stands, which is 7000, is tested to its utmost. At any game admission tickets are sold at twenty-five cents, and twenty-five cents added for a seat on one of the stands.

There is no doubt that the revival of interest in base-ball in this city is largely if not wholly due to the organization of New York's first strictly first-class professional nine, the Metropolitan Base-ball Club, and the very creditable manner in which this nine have won and sustained a reputation for being "hard to beat."

The Metropolitan Nine were organized in the fall of 1880, and opened the Polo Grounds as a base-ball field with their first game in September of that year. In the following year they began work in earnest to establish a reputation, and opening the season on April 2, did not close it until the 28th of October, during which time they played 151 full games, and began half a dozen which were stopped by rain before five innings had been played. Before that the greatest number of games credited to a club in a single season were the 130 played by the New Bedford Club in 1878.

The season of 1882 was opened by the Metropolitans on April 1, in a game with the Manhattan College Club, and they have played on every fair day since, making a score up to the date of this publication of 100 games, and bidding fair at this rate to eclipse their record of last year.

The home of the Metropolitan Base-ball Club in this city is the Manhattan Polo Grounds, which were opened in 1880 by the Manhattan Polo Association, and were to be devoted to polo and other out-of-door sports. They have now passed into the control of the Metropolitan Exhibition Company, and are devoted almost exclusively to base-ball. Recently the experiment of making them an evening resort has, by the aid of fireworks and the Seventh Regiment Band, been successfully tried. Many improvements have been made on the grounds since last season, and now this base-ball home stands without a rival in the country.

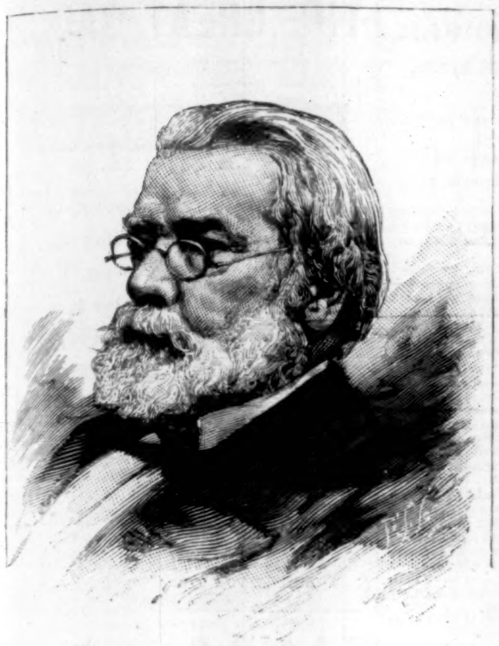
The Metropolitans were organized too late to obtain admittance to the National League, but they belong to the League Annex, which is governed by the rules of the League, and members of which may play with League clubs, though not for the championship pennant. Their uniform is white shirts and caps dotted with blue, blue and white striped belts, and blue stockings.

The club is under the management of Mr. **James Mutrie**, who arranges all their games and attends to details of business. Mr. **Mutrie** is a native of Chelsea, Massachusetts, where he first played base-ball as a member of the Chelsea Nine in 1873. After that he was manager or captain, or both, of the Lewistons of Maine, the Fall River, Worcester, Brockton, and New Bedford clubs, of Massachusetts, and finally came to New York and organized the Metropolitans.

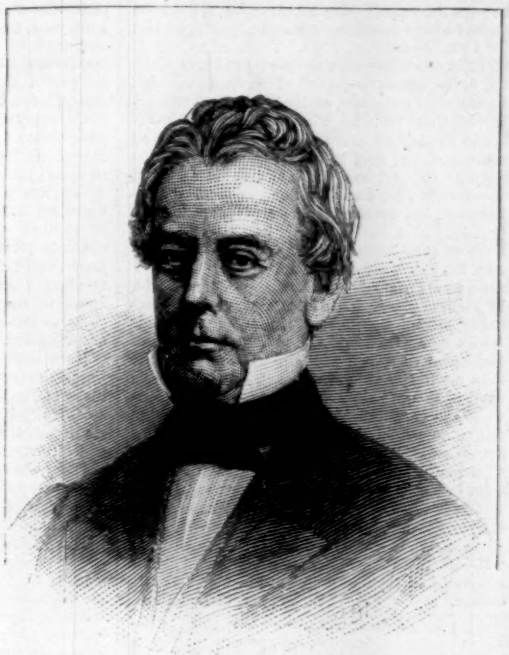
John C. Clapp, captain, and one of the catchers of the club, is, and has been for nearly twenty years, one of the most noted base-ball players of the country. He is a native of Ithaca, New York, and first came into notice as a player when in 1866 he acted as an out-fielder for the Forest City Club of that place. During the seasons of 1873, '4, '5, Mr. **Clapp** was catcher of the Athletics of Philadelphia, and accompanied them abroad in 1874, when with the Bostons they made their famous European trip. In 1876, the year of the formation of the National League, this famous catcher received $3000 for his season's work with the St. Louis Brown Stockings. In 1878 and 1880 he played with the Cincinnati Club; in 1879, with the Buffaloes; and in 1881, with the Cleveland Club.

Charles Reipschlager, who alternates with **Clapp** as catcher, is a native New-Yorker, and is regarded as the coming catcher of the country. He began playing in 1873, when he became a member of the Silver Stars, of this city, a crack amateur team. Last season **Reipschlager** caught for the Nationals of Washington, and the Atlantics of Brooklyn.

John H. Lynch, the most experienced of the three pitchers of the club, is also a native of New York city, and its only native professional pitcher. **Lynch** played his first games in 1869 with the Dramatic, afterward the Chatham Club, of this city. Enlisting for three years in the navy, he was one of the crack players of the nine formed on board the U.S.S. *Hartford* while on duty at the Asiatic station. His first attempt at pitching was against the Louisvilles at Port Jervis in



THE HON. GEORGE P. MARSH.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY L. A. ATWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 491.]



COLONEL JOHN C. HAMILTON.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. KURTZ.—[SEE PAGE 491.]

1876, when he did so remarkably well that he has ever since played in that position.

JAMES E. O'NEIL is a Canadian, and began playing as pitcher of the Actives of Woodstock, Canada, in 1877. The peculiarity of his pitching is the wonderful swiftness with which he delivers a ball.

JOHN A. DOYLE, the third pitcher of the team, is a Nova Scotian by birth, but has lived for years, and played ball, in Providence, Rhode Island. Last summer he began life as a professional base-ball player, making his first engagement with the Metropolitans.

JOHN REILLY, who replaces **EASTERBROOK** as first-base man, is a quiet but popular fellow, and a capital man in his place. He was born in Cincinnati, and has been playing base-ball since 1877.

FRANK LARKIN, popularly known as "Terry," is a New-Yorker, began to play in 1873, and played on second base for the Atlantics of Brooklyn so well last season that the Metropolitans engaged him to fill the same position on their team this year.

FRANK HANKINSON, the third-base man, is also a native of this city, and made his first appearance on the "diamond" in 1875, when he played with the Alaska Juniors.

JOHN NELSON, of Brooklyn, is known as one of the very best short stops in the country, and has played in that position with many of the crack clubs, including the Eckfords, whom he joined in 1869, the Mutuals, Troys, Athletics of Philadelphia, Indianapolis, Hudsons, Albanys, Worcester, and Athletics of Brooklyn.

EDWARD KENNEDY, the left fielder, is an extremely popular player, and deserves as well as receives his full share of applause during a game. He is from Carbondale, Pennsylvania, and has been playing since 1875.

THOMAS E. MANSELL, of Auburn, New York, always played catcher as an amateur; but when in 1877 he accepted a professional engagement with the Auburn Club, it was as left fielder, and a fielder he has been ever since. As centre fielder he gives perfect satisfaction to the "Mets."

STEPHEN BRADY, from Hartford, Connecticut, has played right field for the Metropolitans ever since their organization, but is particularly noted for skill at the bat, having stood at the head of the list as a batsman in nearly every club with which he has been connected.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Umbrella Christians.—Two Great Sales.—The Pathway to India.—Professional Assistance.—The First Illustrator of Dickens.

YEARS ago I remember a great preacher and teacher making some remarks from the pulpit about persons who came into his tabernacle, not "to scoff," indeed, but to shelter themselves from a passing shower. He discoursed upon them, considerably to their discomfort, as "umbrella Christians," a term which for a long time was applied in reproach to those who used religion as a convenience. Now, however, we are changing all that. The Baptists, who I suppose can never have too much of water, have started a novelty in open-air missions called "umbrella services," which it seems are largely attended by young people. There may, however, be some reasons for this which do not enter into the pastor's calculations; in the first place, until we have arrived at maturity, we are not afraid of rheumatism, and would just as soon stand in the rain as not; and secondly, "umbrella courtships" are an older institution than "umbrella services," and have always been greatly appreciated by the parties concerned.

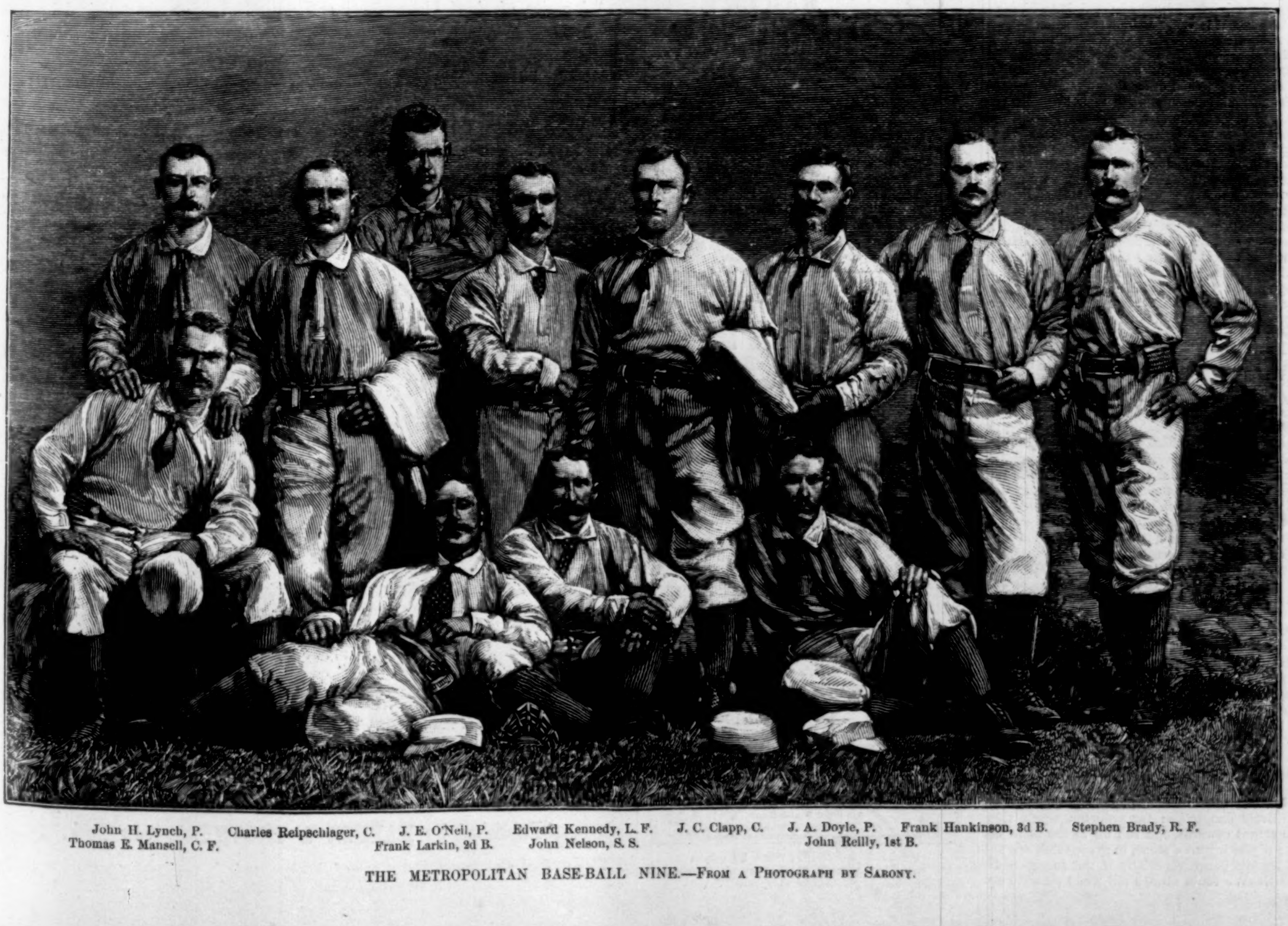
The two great sales of late going on in London have presented a remarkable contrast: the one of the effects of the Duke of Hamilton, and the other of the materials of Kensington House, the stately pile, "so royal, rich, and wide," which Baron Grant (the Promoter) built for himself, but never occupied. In the former case everything has been sold for a fancy price. Indifferent things have realized more than good things do elsewhere, and good things have fetched enormous prices. Such a figure as £6000, for example, for a Marie Antoinette table has probably been never reached before. Think of sinking £300 a year forever in a table! How can it ever repay the purchaser? What of profit *can* he get out of it in proportion to the money he has paid? One would not have wondered so much had one of our brand-new millionaires bid for it with his own lips, seen it knocked down with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears the cheers of the by-standers. He would have made a reputation for himself—which would have lasted perhaps a week. But, as it happens, the table has been bought by a dealer, on commission, for some enthusiast in furniture unknown.

Now at Kensington House we see the reverse of all this. Fashion turns its back on it, and everything is disposed of at what seems for once to justify the phrase "a frightful sacrifice." The "grand marble staircase," which only a few years ago cost £11,000, and can hardly be worse for wear, since no one has trodden it, went for £1000! The "fluted Corinthian columns of Italian marble" that cost £1000 the pair were sold for just one-tenth of that money.

The "rapid act" of the *Alaska* in crossing the Atlantic has quickened the energies and raised the hopes of our ship-owners. Mr. Norwood laid before the House of Commons the other day some most remarkable statistics to show that not only were the advantages of the Suez Canal as a highway to India exaggerated, but immensely exaggerated. By the introduction of steel instead of iron, which certain discoveries have now rendered feasible, ships can be built lighter, and therefore larger, than was the case two years ago—ships that can even now reach Calcutta round the Cape almost as quickly (*i. e.*, within three days) as those which go through the canal. These last, of necessity smaller and of lighter draught, have to call so often for coals that what they gain in shortness of distance they almost lose in length of time. Mr. Norwood predicts that in a little while steel ships will be built to run continuously at the rate of twenty knots an hour, when for the conveyance of troops the advantages of the Suez Canal will cease altogether. In case of our being at war with France and Italy, when of course no English vessel could run the gauntlet of the Mediterranean, India would for political purposes be then as near to us as ever, and by establishing a blockade at Gibraltar and at the mouth of the Red Sea, we could "shut up" our enemies pretty completely. That Cyprus which was once thought to be as appropriate as its namesake to crown poor Lord Beaconsfield's tomb has long been acknowledged to be worthless, and now the value of his other acquisition, the Suez Canal, is beginning to be questioned.

There are disclosures in the case of Mr. Belt, the sculptor, which are calculated to make a novelist's mouth water. Without for a moment imputing to him that he got any assistance not customary with persons of his profession, it seems that a good deal of help is customary with sculptors; for all I know, painters get their pictures done on similar co-operative principles, and I wish it was possible to apply them to literature. If one had a name, for instance, as a writer of fiction, how pleasant it would be to suggest the plot of a story to some rising young writer, with instructions to "work it up" into the three-volume form! I think I could write—that is, put my name to them—a good many novels per annum on this system. I would just suggest the course that true love was to take in the tale, and then set some young lady to carry out the description of the hero, and for the legal matters I would engage some briefless barrister to "devil" for me. It seems to me a very good notion.

There must, of course, be some limit to professional assistance. A modest young medical student who had his doubts of being able



John H. Lynch, P. Charles Reipschlager, C. J. E. O'Neil, P. Edward Kennedy, L. F. J. C. Clapp, C. J. A. Doyle, P. Frank Hankinson, 3d B. Stephen Brady, R. F.
Thomas E. Mansell, C. F. Frank Larkin, 2d B. John Nelson, S. S. John Reilly, 1st B.

THE METROPOLITAN BASE-BALL NINE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

to pass the examination for his diploma, has been endeavoring to persuade a friend to pass it for him for a consideration of £250. The one had money, and the other had wits, so that on the first blush the arrangement seems full of convenience. But in the eye of the law, as Mr. Sampson Brass observed, these little negotiations, however admirable in themselves, and satisfactory to the parties concerned, are held to be a conspiracy, and the medical student has got into trouble about it. From what I have seen, not only of medical practitioners, but of the members of other learned professions, it strikes me that false representations at examinations must be much more common than they are understood to be.

So poor Phiz is dead. It will be said, no doubt, by some of the high-art folks that we could have better spared a better man, that one liked his works more than one's judgment approved of them, and that, in a word, he was more popular than meritorious. For my part, I don't believe a word of this. Phiz was able, at all events, to do what the very finest of living illustrators often fail to do, namely, to enter into the spirit of his author, and if it can not be said that he reproduced with his pencil the genius of Dickens, he was a most excellent master of the ceremonies in introducing it to the public. Phiz and *Pickwick* are inseparable and mutually suggest one another, while such pictures as "On the Dark Road" and "The Ghost's Walk" in *Bleak House* have a genius and vigor of their own, independent of all association. R. Kemble, of London.

POPPIES.

Poppies in the garden,
  Ah, the splendid show!
Pearly, crimson banners
  In the sunshine's glow,
Haughty lords and ladies
  Of the garden bed,
Bare and lofty petiole,
  And a gorgeous head.
    Blow, poppies, blow!
    Only there for show.

Poppies by the acre,
  Growing there for trade;
From the pearly banners
  Subtle poison made.
Growing there for market,
  Growing to be sold,
Not for scent or beauty—
  No, indeed!—for gold.
    Poppies, blow or fade,
    You are but for trade.

Poppies in the wheat field,
  Now I see a grace;
Use and beauty blended
  Make a pleasant place.
So with daily labor
  Blend some pleasure sweet;
As the idle poppies
  Grow among the wheat.
    Poppies at our feet
    Grow among the wheat.

A WEEK IN A CHINESE HOUSE-BOAT.

To the uninitiated it may be said that a Shanghai house-boat is very much more of a home than are the craft called by the same name which are met with occasionally upon the Thames; and the "bosses" of the great banks and mercantile houses vie with each other in the lavish decoration and luxurious comfort of their house-boats. Many of them are, in fact, little floating drawing-rooms, ablaze with mirrors and gilding, and very much better adapted for "loafing" purposes and entertainments than for shooting expeditions and other rough work. The boat in which we made our trip up the river was comfortable and complete enough; but it was a practical and not an ornamental house-boat. It was late summer when we started; for although a house-boat is generally tolerable during the hot season, when nothing else is, we were not much given to lounging and the reception of company. All told, we were six on board—including the "lowdah," or captain, the cook, and two coolies to tow or work the boat. Scenery there is none near Shanghai; and at the first starting, amidst the crowd of boats, junks, and sampans which block up the creek below bridge, the only sense titillated to any extraordinary degree was that of smell. It was very slow work, but we kept in the boat, and passed the time agreeably, if not profitably, in eating, drinking, smoking, and listening to the old lowdah's tales of his pirate life. The cook did his duty manfully, and varied our meals with the talent peculiar to Frenchmen and Chinamen. Until we passed Sicawei, which may be termed the boundary of the foreign dominion, the coolies oared the boat in their peculiar fashion, the lowdah steering—with his feet when his hands were busy with his "chow" or his pipe. But when we got into the open country, the tow-rope was fastened, and the coolies got out on to the bank. It was a curious voyage.

Only one thing annoyed us, and as it was inevitable, it had to be borne—the ceaseless attention paid to us by the native dogs. Chinese dogs—in fact, all Chinese animals—possess an extraordinary faculty of scenting out a foreigner, and the former invariably announce their discovery by howlings and barkings, which only cease with the complete disappearance of the obnoxious intruder. Sometimes in the country these dogs—which, like those of Constantinople, are the public scavengers, and are protected from harm by public edict as well as by popular prejudice—are positively dangerous; for although singly they are arrant cowards, and run off at the mere action of picking up a stone, in groups they are apt to be aggressive, especially if the foreigner be alone. We could always tell when we were approaching a village, when the high banks hid it from view, by the excitement amongst the dogs; and when we anchored for the night—always in mid-stream—their incessant barking banished all notions of sleep. Another annoyance was the mosquitoes; but at night the curtains kept them out. Everywhere we could see traces of the horrible work of pillage and devastation carried on during the Taiping rebellion, and strange to say, in spite of the more generous ideas of civilization which are beginning to assert themselves in China, as it is nobody's business to remedy the appearance of matters, the bare and desolate character of the country still remains. We must have passed during our week's trip at least twenty villages utterly wrecked and deserted, not to speak of magnificent porcelain bridges ruined, pagodas tottering to their fall, roofless temples, and even desecrated grave-yards.

Every evening we anchored in mid-stream, and jumped overboard for a swim; and upon one occasion, when the spot chosen was not far off from a town rejoicing in the euphonious name of Sin Ka Kok, as we were espied jumping overboard and striking out, the whole population swarmed out to witness the sight, the bridge was a mass of human heads, and the banks were lined with a crowd of both sexes. Not far from here are the only hills anywhere near Shanghai, and being hills, they are a favorite pilgrimage of foreigners weary of the monotonous grave-studded flatness of the country round the European settlement. They are but mounds; but there are actually some picturesque copses at their base, which are greatly resorted to by picnic parties. We ascended the hills, as in duty bound, and then turned the prow of our boat homeward—a proceeding which seemed to please our coolies mightily, for they took us back in half the time they occupied in bringing us.

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Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 24, 1881.

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My sister, Mrs. Perkins, who has been an annual sufferer for more than forty years, has been absolutely free from any attack whatever, as I should have been, doubtless, if I had kept the house and screened myself from heat and dust. A sister of my son's wife has about my experience—viz., a long-deferred attack, slight inconvenience, and entire exemption from asthma, though usually a great sufferer.

You can say for me that I am indebted to you for a great emancipation. I do not say to any that your remedy is a certain cure in all cases; but in my judgment the probabilities of benefit are such that I should recommend all hay-fever sufferers to make a thorough trial of it. Even if it failed in ten cases, I believe that it will be sure in ninety in a hundred. Can more than this be said for quinine and opium, in cases where they are regarded as specifics?

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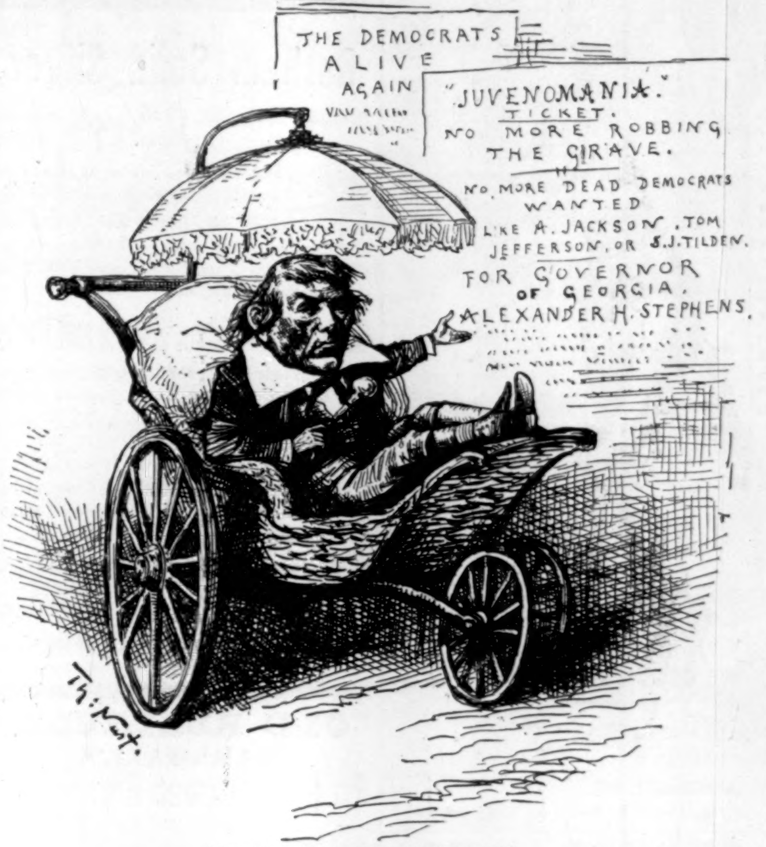
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